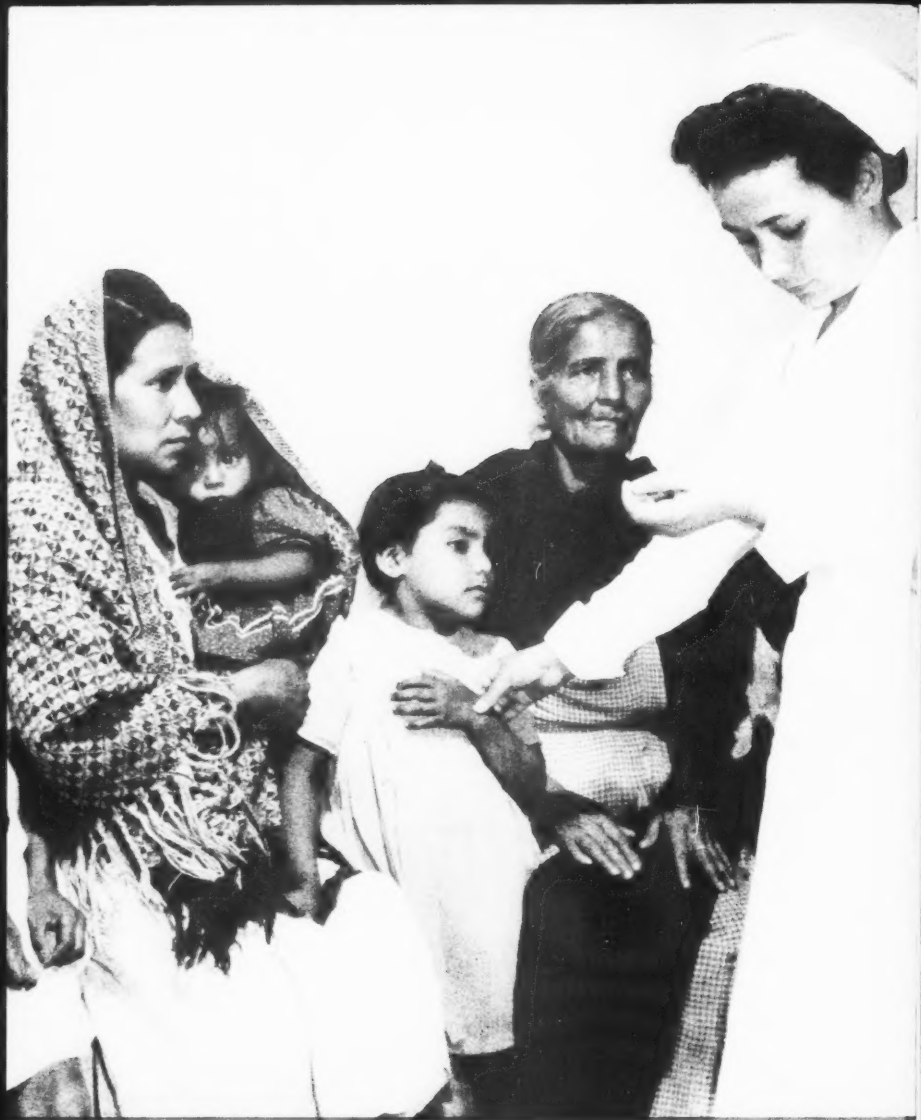


Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



MARCH 1950



When illness joins poverty and ignorance, fear is born. Charity in the Maryknoll missions of Bolivia fights against all three.



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There's war below the
Rio Grande — war for
140 million souls.
How are our
chances to win it?

THE BATTLE FOR LATIN AMERICA

by Albert J. Nevins



CHULLPAS is a rural canton set in the center of Bolivia's Cochabamba Valley. It is similar to any one of the thousands of cantons, or villages, that dot the countryside along the west coast of South America, and consequently knowledge of Chullpas gives an understanding of one of the main

problems in South America today.

The canton of Chullpas was part of an original Spanish grant made in the sixteenth century. As late as 1870, the area was owned by a single individual, Colonel Leon Galindo. After his death it was divided among his ten children, who soon disposed of it by successive sales. Today no

Galindo owns property in the region. The once large estate has been broken up into 260 parcels, assigned to households totaling 1,414 people, who are mestizos — that is, of mixed white and Indian blood. There is little migration from the region, and in all probability a child born in Chullpas will grow up, marry, raise his own family, and die, all on the same small piece of ground. More than half the people of the canton own no more than two acres of land, and from such little patches they attempt to wrest a precarious subsistence living by growing wheat, corn, and potatoes.

As a result the people are very poor. Few families are fortunate enough to own a farm animal. Tools for working the farms are scarce. Many families try to implement their meager incomes by making chicha (an alcoholic beverage) or hats. Some of the women sell homespun yarn.

Few children have the opportunity for any education. It is a rare child who has completed more than three or four years of schooling; only 101 boys and twenty-seven girls attend school in the canton. Only 40% of the people can read or write.

Because of the meager, starchy diet, life expectancy in the region is not great. Almost 80% of the people are under thirty-five years of age, and infant mortality runs about one death in every six or seven births. It

is not uncommon to encounter families that have lost four or five children, and one family has lost fifteen. Malnutrition is the chief cause. There is no hospital in the area, and medical attention is almost non-existent. Yet despite the high death rate, the population of the canton has been steadily increasing.

The people of Chullpas are all Catholics, and there are a couple of small chapels in the area. However, the people know next to nothing about their Faith and are totally lacking in any religious leadership. On rare occasions a priest from the not-too-distant town of Cliza can be persuaded to visit the canton, but these visits are not made even yearly. As a result the people live without benefit of the sacraments, and morality is generally low.

The story of Canton Chullpas is important because, except for some of the large cities and a few favored regions, it is the story of practically all of the west coast of South America, and practically all of Central America. It is a story of purposeless men, trying to wrest a living for themselves and their families from impoverished soil. It is a tragic story because those people accept their way of living as the *normal* way of life.

"Latin America is like a pent-up volcano," said a prominent Peruvian recently. "Just as lava and gas seek a flaw through which they can escape,

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

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so communism might prove the outlet of the great masses of people in our lands who are stirring into new social consciousness. Such an eruption could set up a chain reaction throughout the continent."

The Red problem is one of concern to many far-seeing statesmen of the south. The pattern is not unfamiliar. From the bloody Santiago riots of fifteen years ago, to the more recent Bogota upheaval, the shadowy figure of the Red commissar can be seen moving throughout Latin-American nations.

As elsewhere in the world, the Church is the principal bulwark against the Red tide. Where formerly apathy or indifference prevailed among many of the clergy, there is now a growing awareness among Latin-American clerics that their apostolate is one not only of the sacristy but also of the market place, and that the social teachings of the Popes give them an instrument to transform their milieu. New leaders light the way: men like Chile's dynamic Bishop Manuel Larrain, Colombia's far-seeing Bishop Builes, Guatemala's pioneering Archbishop Rossell, and Mexico's fearless Bishop Miranda.

Unfortunately, a paucity of vocations puts a limit on the number of native leaders available. To fill the temporary breach until additional recruits can reach the priesthood, American societies are supplying funds, know-how, and personnel. In addition to the many Maryknollers working in Latin America, large groups have been sent from other societies: Franciscans and Redemptorists to Brazil; Immaculate Heart

TYPICAL FARMER



JERONIMO AUCA, 34 years old, is a typical Chullpas farmer. He has a wife, four children; lives on two acres of land on which he grows wheat, potatoes, corn. His yearly income is \$110, of which he spends \$50 for food, \$15 for clothing, \$15 for drink. He lives in a one-room house, which contains one bed, no chairs, ten plates, five forks, four spoons, five knives, a dog. He owns also a sheep, a wooden plow, and two scythes.

of Mary Sisters to Peru and Chile; Capuchins to Nicaragua; Jesuits to Honduras. Many other groups also are represented.

The battle for Latin America is being waged today on many fronts, in many ways. So far as concerns the Church on the Pacific coast, it

is a problem of so strengthening the already well-developed areas that there may be abundant enough personnel to allow the forces to spill over into the needy areas. Meanwhile, it is the tactic to secure outside missionaries for the hundreds of districts like Chullpas, to help the people in both body and soul.

Maryknollers are engaged in this task of penetrating the vast neglected regions. In Saloma, in the Guatemala highlands, Father Edmund McClear finds conditions very similar to those of Chullpas. He is working among a people who tried to make a living from impoverished soil. Realizing the hopelessness of their situation, he brought in craftsmen to teach his people the art of rug weaving. The products of this tiny new Soloma industry are finding a ready sale in the United States, and thus he is on his way to establish a better standard of living for his simple Indians.

In Cavinass, Bolivia, Father Gordon Fritz overcame the apathy of a lethargic group of Indians. He and his companions have transformed this jungle outpost into a model mission. Father Fritz has established small industries and provided his flock with medical attention. He has destroyed the most wretched among

the hovels of the village and has had thirty-two new homes built.

Father James Logue spent his year of furlough studying agriculture and kindred subjects in Southwestern Louisiana Institute. Now he is back in Bolivia with a plan to give a more abundant way of life to the poverty-ridden people of the jungle. He intends to establish co-operative villages, set up new industries, and reorganize the agricultural economy of his region. Fellow missionaries are enthusiastic about the plan.

Down in Chile, two interesting experiments are being carried out by Maryknollers. Father James Manning directs the Leo XIII Institute, a social enterprise aimed at bettering the lives of Talca's poor. It embraces both workingmen and their wives and children. In the agricultural area of Molina, Father James McNiff is taking the sons of poor farm workers into his agricultural schools, and teaching them to become better farmers who one day will be better able to support their families.

Today Canton Chullpas is a typically wretched village of Latin America's vast hinterland. Tomorrow, thanks to the stepped-up religious and social program of the Church, such neglected areas ought to be the exception.

The Pirate and the Eyeglasses

HOW GOOD A SHOT are you? Could you hit a pair of eyeglasses at two hundred yards? A Chinese pirate did that a short while ago, though it was entirely by accident. Fathers John H. Joyce, Rocco P. Franco, and John F. Smith were taking baggage by boat to Kongmoon, when pirates attacked. The missionaries gave each other absolution and hid behind their baggage, but Father Joyce left his glasses on a box of groceries. A direct hit reduced the specs to splinters.

DOWN ON THE FARM

by George H. Bauer

SHI KUIAN is a prize winner; his mind is as clear as crystal, his wit like flashes of lightning, his memory almost infallible. But, because he is the son of a poor widow, this fourteen-year-old boy had to take a job tending cows, instead of going to school. There is no such thing as free education, here in the Kwangtung Province of South China. The cows that Shi Kuian tends belong to the mission farm of Taipat, where I am pastor.

This Chinese lad is far ahead of the other boys in the study of Christian doctrine, and that is why I am



giving him a scholarship at the Yeung-kong mission school for the coming year.

The money will be paid out of my pocket, because I

believe that it would be a shame to let such a bright boy go through life with no education at all.

The scholarship that Shi Kuian won as a prize for his outstanding application in studying doctrine sparked the whole group of catechumens. This spring I have been giving similar prizes to earnest youngsters in all my mission stations. I visited each village in the district, primarily to give the Christians a chance to receive the sacraments, but also to examine personally the young people studying the doctrine, so that I could be sure of awarding the scholar-

ships to those who really deserve them.

Now that I am back at Taipat, our new farm is demanding a lot of attention. We are stepping up the acreage on rice, and consequently we need to build a larger threshing floor to take care of the extra crops in the fall. At present we are plowing up our winter crop of sweet potatoes. They aren't big ones — few weigh as much as a pound apiece — but the mission staff and the poor people of Taipat who will receive the surplus are delighted with the crop.

The large buckwheat patch on our farm is a beautiful sight these days. It is a mass of snowy white, blindingly lovely in the brilliance of the spring sun. Our bees are gorging themselves on the blossoms.

Thanks to two cats at the mission, our storage bins have been free of rats. When the cats succumbed to an epidemic recently, we were a bit anxious about our storeroom. But fortunately a neighbor gave us another guardian, a healthy kitten. At the rate this new pet is growing it will soon be able to discourage any unwelcome pests from raiding our stores of grain.





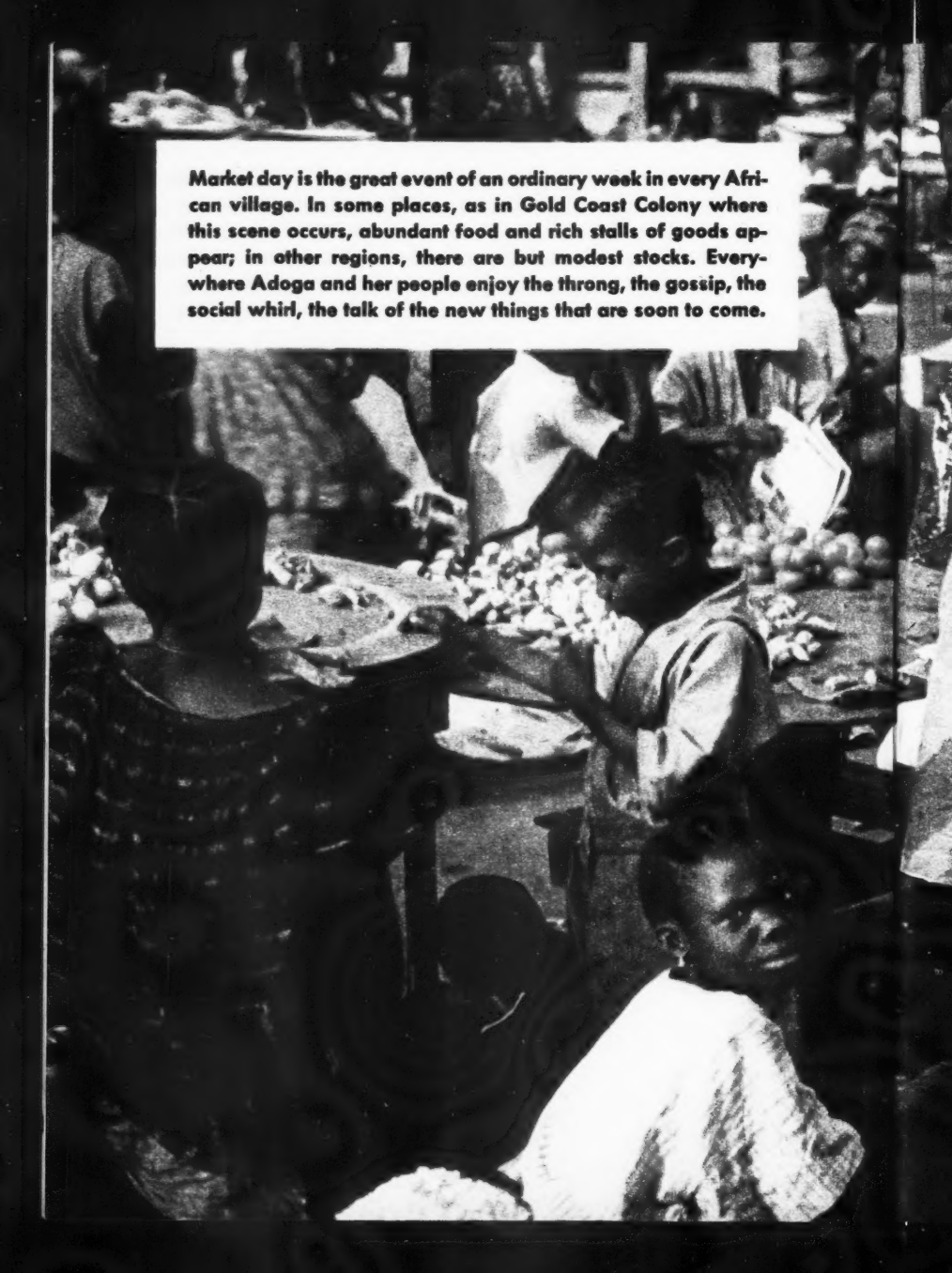
New ideas are stirring in Africa. A few think they would like to drive out the white man. The great masses are longing, rather, for the seemingly better ways of life that people have on other continents. Adoga and her people hunger to adopt them.

ADOGA



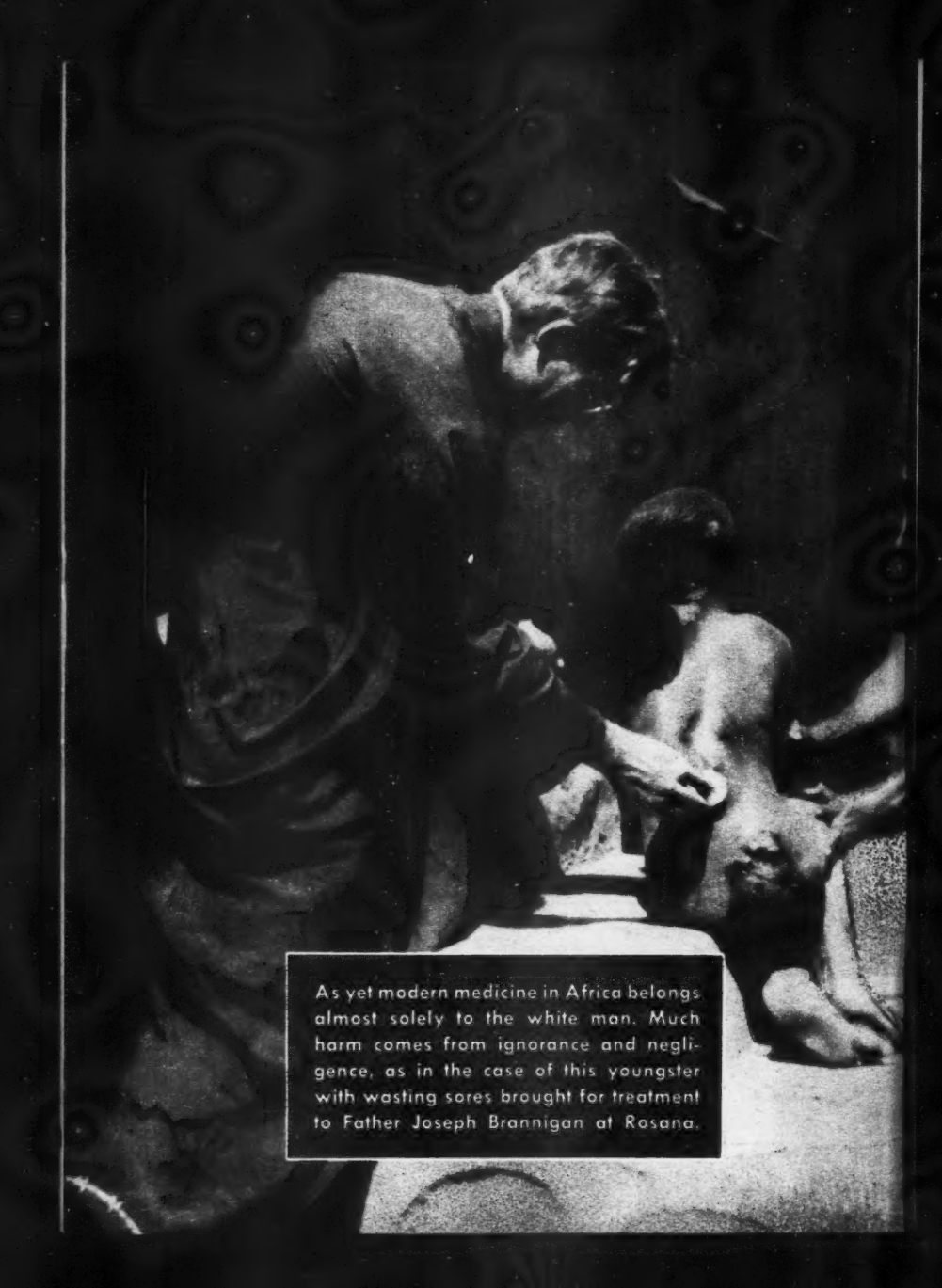
Maryknoll missionaries who labor in Tanganyika want their people to get all that is truly good. "Send your children to school," they say to these simple folk. "Build up your farms, make good Catholic homes, that you may know a better way of living."

AND HER PEOPLE



Market day is the great event of an ordinary week in every African village. In some places, as in Gold Coast Colony where this scene occurs, abundant food and rich stalls of goods appear; in other regions, there are but modest stocks. Everywhere Adoga and her people enjoy the throng, the gossip, the social whirl, the talk of the new things that are soon to come.





As yet modern medicine in Africa belongs almost solely to the white man. Much harm comes from ignorance and negligence, as in the case of this youngster with wasting sores brought for treatment to Father Joseph Brannigan at Rosana.

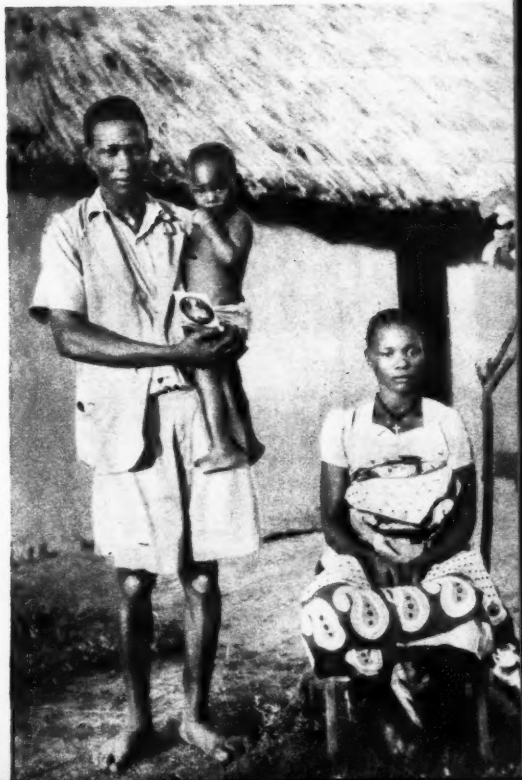


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The Christians

Despite efforts of our enemies to picture Christianity as the tool of the conquering white man, thousands of Africans each year discover the beauty of the Son of God and enter His Church. In some regions the movement is rapid. Maryknoll's gains are still modest. Kowak, the chapel of which appears above, is a Maryknoll station.





The missionary in Africa usually has better roads to reach his people than does his confrere in China. Brother Fidelis, of Wyandotte, Mich., by the jeep.



Father Good, of Cambridge, Mass. (center), heads Kowak; Fathers Glynn, of Dorchester, Mass. (left) and Bratton, of Philadelphia (right), are his helpers.

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Tough Enough for the Reds

by John J. Tierney

NOT LONG AGO, when I stayed in the Chinese inn at Waiheung, I was surprised by a visit from a young Chinese man, exceptionally well dressed, who spoke English like a foreigner. He told me he had been born in Singapore and educated there by the Christian Brothers. His father and mother believed in Catholic education but, being Baptists, they had him baptized in their church.

After many years, Mr. Wong had returned to his native place of Hamhau, a small village in the near-by hills. There he had become the most prominent man in the area.

Being prominent in China these days has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. When the representatives of the Kremlin came into the region, Mr. Wong was to be their first victim. They sent him word that on a certain day he should deliver to them a huge quantity of rice, and if he failed to do that they would come and kill him and his people and burn down Hamhau.

Mr. Wong sent this reply: "I refuse to give you one pound of rice. And if you come here to kill, we will kill you. If you burn, we will follow you home and burn your homes."

When he was warned that on a certain night the Communists would

come to raid, Mr. Wong organized his villagers and led them to a spot where the road could be easily defended. After an hour's wait one stranger appeared to scout the surroundings. After being taken prisoner, he warned his captors that hundreds of other Communists were following. Mr. Wong gave orders that his men were not to fire until the enemy should have walked into the trap. However, one of his men became overanxious and let out a blood-curdling yell. At that sound, the approaching Reds fled to safety.

After telling me his thrilling story, Mr. Wong said he had learned that another attempt to invade his district was imminent, and that the invaders had orders to shoot him on sight. He concluded: "Death may lurk for me anywhere along the road from here to Hamhau. So I ask you, Father, to please baptize me in the Catholic Church before I go."

A little questioning revealed that he had at ready command all the Catholic doctrine he had learned from the Christian Brothers. I baptized him conditionally. The next morning, long before dawn, Mr. Wong made his first Holy Communion. Then he left for Hamhau, to be its apostle or perhaps its first martyr.

"HAVE A PUFF of tobacco!" is a cordial greeting the missionary receives when visiting a Chinese farmer. As the missionary enters the farm home, the man of the house sends the children scurrying for the paper tapers that are used to light pipes in China.

Chinese pipes are not built the same as Western briars. Be the pipe a long-stemmed affair, delicately carved, or just a makeshift bit of metal, the bowl is usually only large enough to hold a pinch of tobacco, so that each pipeful provides but a few puffs.

The farmer finds the small bowl

The Farmer's Friend

by R. Russell Sprinkle

very practical when he is out in the fields from dawn until dusk. Planting or harvesting rice with primitive equipment is very strenuous work, and the worker needs to stop from time to time and take a short smoke. His pipe provides friendly solace for the hard-working Chinese farmer on such occasions.

It is a common sight to see a farmer on his way to market stop by the side of the road and sit on his haunches for a respite. Out come the pipe and a pinch of tobacco, and the farmer enjoys a few puffs as he takes his rest. On rising to continue his journey, the farmer tucks his pipe away in his huge, bamboo hat. The pipe goes with him on long and short trips; it rides under his hat through heat and cold, through rain and shine.

Prosperous farmers have water pipes at home, for enjoyment after a long hard day in the fields. But the average Chinese farmer has only one pipe — a bamboo stem with a metal bowl. It is one of his greatest treasures.

Most foreigners do not enjoy smoking the dry, uncured tobacco that the Chinese farmer uses. It is a native product, which is dried in the sun and shredded into fine slivers with a kitchen cleaver ordinarily used for vegetables and meat.

When friends drop in, and there aren't enough pipes to go around, some of the visitors roll cigarettes. The "roll-your-own," Chinese style, is cone-shaped and designed to provide only a couple of puffs. Not even a sliver of tobacco is wasted, for the small end of the cone is put in the mouth; all the tobacco is in the larger end of this clever cigarette.





The Mystery Cave

Did this dark, damp hole hide a secret?

by J. Edmund McClear

THE CAVE near the pueblo of Santa Eulalia, in Guatemala, is taboo to strangers, and all kinds of weird tales are told about what happens to those who enter without knowing the proper password. 'Tis said in these parts that one woman who entered the cave several years ago lost her mind completely upon leaving. Others say that flashlight batteries mysteriously fail within the slippery, dirty passages.

This cave was once the home of Jolom Conop, an idol worshiped by an Indian religious cult. Oliver La Farge has written about both the cave and the cult, in his celebrated book on the Indians of Santa Eulalia. I made up my mind that I would investigate the taboos of the cave.

I engaged two local men as guides. One was Juarez Diego, a sly old fox mentioned by La Farge. The other, a younger man, was more pliable. At the edge of the ravine near the cave, Juarez, fearing possible sanctions from the tribe, made an excuse and disappeared. The younger guide and I made the steep descent, and at the base I asked where the cave was.

"It might be behind that bush up there," he said, pointing to a bush

about forty feet above our heads.

Behind the bush was a small opening into the mountain — so small, in fact, that I had to get down on my hands and knees to enter. Inside it was pitch black until I turned on my flashlight. Then I could discern logs with notches cut into their sides. Those crude steps were very slippery, but I managed to reach the bottom where I found a rather large cavern. A small stream was tinkling through one corner, and off to the right was a passageway. The Indians claim that the cavern runs through the mountain and ends under the Catholic church, about a quarter mile away. I set out to see where the passage led.

Down a little farther was a shelf of rock, strewn with the remnants of burnt copal, used to pay homage to Jolom Conop. Beyond that were more ladders and more caverns. Finally, by getting down on hands and knees and squeezing between two big rocks, I entered the last cave. No doubt, at one time Jolom Conop lived there, but now the cave contains nothing but stalactites, and also tons of black soot from ages of burning wood, heavy with copal.

Not all my time in Santa Eulalia was spent in exploring the habitat

of Jolom Conop. Instead of the resentment I had expected, the Indians proved to be the most responsive group I have met since coming to Guatemala. Between three and four hundred came each day and spent the whole morning listening to doctrine. They love the Catholic religion, once it has been explained to them. Their own crude religion is a relentless burden with very little compensation offered: endless prayers and burning of copal, rain or shine.

During the afternoon I was kept busy preparing about a hundred children for First Holy Communion. In between doctrine classes, I tried to straighten out about forty marriages.

The nights in Santa Eulalia offered a special challenge. I soon learned that I had moved in on a family of rats. Any resentment they may have felt was compensated for by the fact that I generously, if not willingly, shared my food with them. They waited until I had doused my Coleman lamp, and then descended on the table to tidy up any crumbs I had left.

For the second night, the Indians loaned me two bear traps and a regu-

lar rat trap; this latter one they set with such good effect that the nightly prowlers had a good feed for them-

selves. In the morning with two good blows of a hammer I finally got the trap to spring shut. That night I set the trap myself, and

during the dark hours the rat family was reduced by nine! But the last rat to go nearly trapped me.

I was half asleep when I felt something popping off my chest. Perhaps a rat upstairs was eating peanuts and throwing the shells down on me. My flashlight revealed a huge rat sitting in the middle of the floor. Blood was coming out of the corner of his mouth, so I reasoned that the trap had done part of its work. I bounded out of my sleeping bag and went to finish off the rodent. He had a slight advantage, in that he could see the traps but my bare feet had forgotten where they were. Finally I gave him a good clout with my shoe. The fight was over, and nary a toe had been claimed by the traps.

I stayed two weeks in Santa Eulalia, with most pleasant results. I've promised the Indians a weekly visit from now on. There's promise of a big harvest in that village, despite Jolom Conop, the cave and the rats.

A Fitting Memorial

is a room in a Maryknoll seminary. A plaque on the door will remind the priest or student occupant to pray daily for your loved one. Offering \$500.

How the Mountains Grow

ABOARD A JUNK on China's West River, I heard Precious Jade ask her brother, as she pointed to a fantastic heap of black rocks in the river, "Where do they all come from?" Replied the brother: "Don't be dumb, my Precious Jade! The sandbars grow into rocks, the rocks grow into hills, and the hills grow into mountains."

—R. Russell Sprinkle

Adam Takes a Wife

ALL THE WORLD loves a lover was a fact my grandmother delighted in reminding us of. I learned what she meant while I was making a trip in the Bolivian jungle.

It is disputed among travelers whether a tropical morning is more beautiful than a tropical moonlit night. But since the morning I met young, handsome Adam Vaca, I must admit that the moon in the tropics seems a bit paler.

"*Buenos Dias, Padre,*" was the greeting that made me forget that I was imprisoned by giant trees that served as a stage for the morning song of the jungle birds. When I asked the young man where he lived, he smiled as though he had never heard of original sin, and pointed to a small thatched house just beyond a coffee plantation. That seemed to fulfill the courtesy of the woods, and so I made a motion to continue walking.

Then I heard him say, "*Padre,* I should like to talk to you about my marriage."

For the past two years, Adam told me, he had driven cattle from the



by Raymond J. Bonner

pampa to Riberalta. Long nights were spent along jungle trails, and often the howls of jaguars kept him from sleep. Under the torrid sun and through torrential rains, he had cared for his cattle.

Occasionally Adam had broken a night with his friend, Don Ruperto. Not long ago, this friend told him, "Adam, you ought to settle down. Wrangling cattle will bring you success. What you need is happiness."

Adam was sold on the idea, gave up his job, and came to Riberalta to find a wife. He had met his *Senorita*, and now he asked me how to get married. I arranged for Adam and his true love to come to my house and begin instructions.

How Adam wooed and won his lady, I never bothered to learn. But I thought I detected some connection with my grandmother's adage when the whole town turned out for the wedding ceremony.

Adam and his bride returned to his little thatched house, and it is not giving away a secret to say they are living very happily, indeed. The bride's name? Eva, of course.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

The Jocists, Catholic young people whose movement is now world-wide, recently celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary. Much of their success is due to the outstanding leadership of their founder, Canon Cardijn of Belgium. The Canon is one of those all too exceptional Catholic leaders who consider all Church problems in terms of the entire human race.

Canon Cardijn knows a large part of the world from close contact with it. He writes impressively of the current revolution that is gripping a great portion of mankind. In a recent letter to Maryknoll he describes it as "the most important of history in extent and in depth, a revolution which is on the point of creating a new world, a new humanity, and which gives promise of creating a unity between continents and peoples."

We Must Play a Part in this revolution, and it must be a positive part, not merely a negative and critical one. "The more one reflects on the problems which present themselves," notes the canon, "actually the unification of the world, and above all the unification of the world of workers, the more one arrives at a conclusion that appears undeniable; namely, that a positive solution is required . . . a truly world-wide solution. This positive solution can be secured only through a world-

wide missionary apostolate."

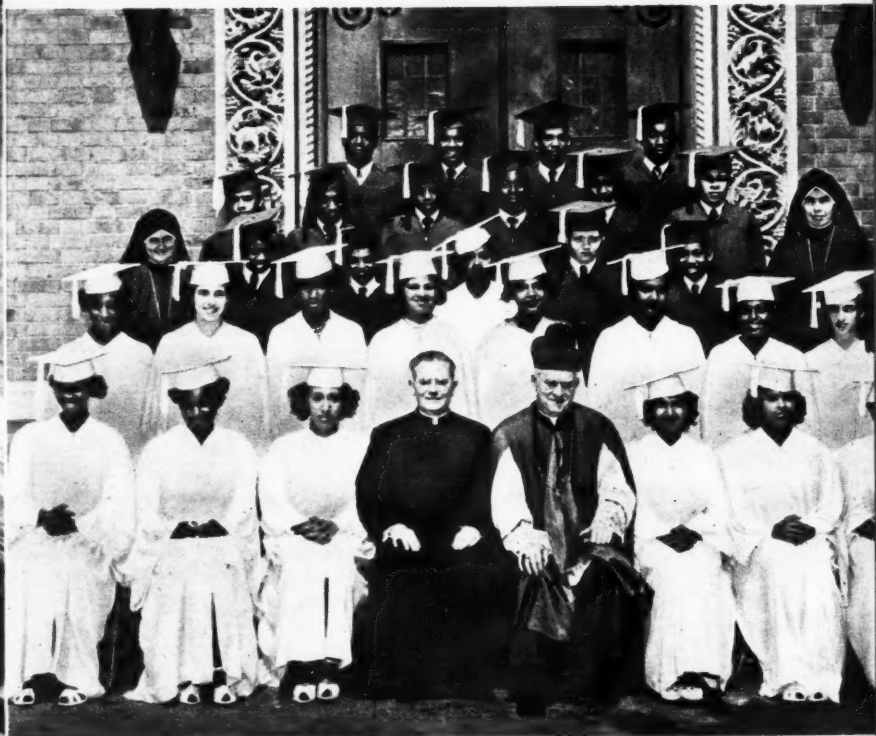
Once again we find reference to world unity as a characteristic of our age, an age that superficially seems bent on wars and divisions. Father John McConnell of our seminary faculty, read Canon Cardijn's letter, and refers to a thought from Father Rousselot that the particular expression of men's ideals are greatly influenced by their times.

"Every Period of History," comments Father McConnell, "has a word which expresses the half-conscious striving and ideals of that period and becomes a rallying cry for all its aspirations. In the eighteenth century, the word was reason; later it was science; still later, just before the First World War, it was life. Today it is surely unity."

This world-wide apostolate for which Canon Cardijn calls is something close to the heart of every missionary. "We must point out to all," notes Father McConnell, "that it is the very work of Christ to tear down separating walls. In Christ there is neither male nor female, neither Greek nor Jew, neither worker nor employer, neither white man nor black man. The missionary Church is only the Church being herself, acting according to her true nature."



PHOTO FEATURE



Life BEGINS IN THE BRONX

Father Bernard F. Russell of St. Anthony of Padua Parish in the Bronx has enlisted the Maryknoll Sisters to conduct his school for the training of his Negro hopefuls. Bishop Lane presided at a recent graduation. Father Russell has four convert classes a year, and fifty baptisms in the beautiful ceremony after each period of instruction.



JUNGLE SCHOOLHOUSE



No trouble building a roof for a jungle schoolhouse. More difficult, in a place like Riberalta, in the heart of the Bolivian lowlands, is finding books, pens, pencils, and teachers with fine Catholic ideals. But Father McCloskey's San Jose parish school hums along merrily.



**The distinguished author of *The Babe Ruth Story*
and *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*
now pens a worldwide portrait of Maryknoll**

ROBERT BERNARD CONSIDINE is one of the most prolific writers now on the American scene. He manages to turn out a daily newspaper column (*On the Line*), two weekend features, movie scripts, books, radio talks, besides covering big stories for International News Service and Hearst papers. His latest book, of which a condensation appears below, came to life in the usual Considine manner. He spent several weeks collecting material, then went to Bermuda and completed his manuscript.



THE Maryknoll STORY

By ROBERT CONSIDINE

ONE OF our children, for reasons too involved to mention, was baptized at the somewhat worldly age of three years by Monsignor (now Bishop) Michael J. Ready. The child accepted his redemption from original sin with a stoic, speculative mien. The orisons of the priest, the use of Holy Water, and other details of the sacrament were, to him, one more example of the in-

comprehensible tactics of the adult world.

"You're getting me wet," the child remarked with weary impatience at one stage of the ablutions. Again when the bit of salt was placed on the tip of his tongue, he remarked, "Bitter, isn't it?"

The good monsignor was patient. He plodded on through the ceremony, and as he prayed, and the

corsages of the mother and god-mother began to droop, the child's interest in the priest quickened. He followed his every move, scrutinized his vestments, searched his own meager experience for a possible clue to the mysteries being revealed to him. Then his eyes brightened, and he believed he had solved everything — had found the reason why this man with the water, salt, unfamiliar costume, and whispered prayers was so kind and gentle with him.

"You're a cowboy, aren't you?" the child asked, with brimming enthusiasm. It was the finest compliment he could bestow.

IT IS INDEED hard, at first, to comprehend that priests are people.

A boy grows older, develops a cantaloupe at his waistline, and gets short of wind. And he learns, at first to his embarrassment, that priests can be younger than he is, as well as stronger and wiser, and infinitely more at peace. World War II was a vivid eye-opener to a lot of us, and forgive me if this is too personal. As a war correspondent I saw something of the priest in the field afar: the unshaven and dirty chaplain who was as much a part of the mud and the muck and the mayhem as GI Joe, and God. I saw him uncomplainingly at work in seemingly God-deprived places ranging from Burma to Greenland; from dreary continental training camps to Berlin; from North Africa to that preview of the ultimate war, the test of the A-bombs at Bikini. He was still the kid down the block, quietly possessed of the fire and fortitude and selfless courage of Christ.

Saw something else, too, in those tempestuous years: the missionary who was on hand when the liberators and their chaplains arrived . . . the missionary who had never been told (or who had never wanted) to leave the places that became the battlegrounds of the great war. The storming and consolidation of beaches was old hat to him. His war had begun the day a Man said, "Go ye and teach all nations." It would not end with his life span. He measured his gains not in sand and ruptured city but in souls that would outlive all matter. If the transitory liberator had an extra pair of shoes for him, well and good. The missionary dealt in such logistics. If the liberator had a can of Spam to put what amounted to meat on the missionary's bones as he was led out of his concentration or internment camp, well and good.

I sought for some time to express in words the feeling of many who, because of the war, saw the American priest at work in alien lands. It is a great and ennobling sight to witness a good American shedding both the light of God and that of the country he loves in works of charity and truth carrying abroad. Such men are the intimacy of our foreign relations, far from the tinsel and glitter of our diplomatic and money-changing agencies abroad.

THERE ARE many fine mission groups overseas. But, to me, the men of Maryknoll, of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America — to give them their full handle — epitomize all the vigor, earthiness, and godliness of this country in its spiritual

and physical relations abroad. One does not have to be a Catholic to say, "These are real American men. We've never had finer."

The products of Maryknoll are men who might have been Presidents, plumbers or professors, diplomats, doctors, or dramatists, contractors, concertists, or cardinals. The paths that lead them to hostile lands that may never have known Christ or a white face began in New York City and Walla Walla, Chicago and Keokuk, San Francisco and What Cheer, Iowa. These are Americans. Nobody pushed them to Maryknoll.

"Why?" is a questioning word that pursues the man of Maryknoll from young manhood to mortal death at the limit of his dedicated life. It is a word spoken, not without hurt and confusion, by some of the parents of the candidates — perhaps especially by those parents who took for granted the young man's ascent into the profession and world of his father. It is a word that must be spoken by the boys who grew up around the priest-to-be, and perhaps by the girl who saw in him the husband she would one day want. But the answers to "Why," probably are no more complicated than those given by a recent class of Maryknoll students busily and happily at work at that fabulous fountainhead of the Society, the oriental-thatched buildings which rise like an oddly foreign dream above the Hudson River at Ossining, New York.

One of the lads said it especially well and clearly. The way he said it will be a guide for me, I hope, for the remainder of this inadequate tribute to men and women who ask

for no tribute. It will, I hope additionally, reveal to the reader the core of why so many gifted Americans, capable of making the world and its favors their oyster, embrace instead the drudgeries and dangers of God's work in the field afar. The young man said it all in one sentence:

"I joined Maryknoll in order to be closer to God and because by being a Maryknoll priest I should have the opportunity to bring other people into the Faith."

IN CERTAIN SPOTS of southern Peru the Catholic Church would appear to have come as close to extinction complete as in any Iron Curtain country. Weeds of neglect have been permitted to flourish in an area once bountifully spiritual. In the skyscraping diocese of Puno there were in 1825 four hundred active priests. By 1940 the 750,000 Peruvians existing in that region, in the bleak air above the timberline, were served by twenty-eight priests.

"Don't tell me of the beauty of Lima's monuments and art," a learned Peruvian said to Father John J. Considine, when the Maryknoller visited the country. "Don't tell me of St. Rose, of the glorious past, of the city's highly creditable and cultural present. It only makes me feel a deep pain in my heart. I love Lima, but for me Peru means also the millions of souls in the mountains who live in the rags of tattered culture and who are spiritually starving to death."

It was hardly news to the Maryknoller. He had just returned to civilized Lima after an inspection tour of the Society's missions in the dizzy altitudes around Lake Titicaca.

He had seen ample evidence of the truth of the soberside assertion, by one of his colleagues, that the Church has suffered at least a 90 percent decomposition in this part of Peru for want of missionary man power.

When the men of Maryknoll went to work in the Puno Diocese a decade ago, they were given the two-fold task of conducting a college and seminary and of ministering to a portion of the territory which was without clergy.

The latter task took them into some of the strangest parishes in the realm of Catholicism. The gaunt mountain village of Cuyucuyo, for example, where Father Robert Kearns, raised in futuristic New York City, brought God and His works to Inca shepherds whose methods of living had not changed since the bloody conquest of the land by Francisco Pizarro, 400 years before. Bundled against the harsh elements that pound the roof of South America, the men still dressed in blanket-like capes and their strange, snug, peaked hats. Like their women, most have never known shoes.

KONGMOON IS a land that has known too many famines. That, rather than any local stoppage of the milk of human kindness, has made it what it is: a region known for its discarded children, its broken and bereft oldsters, and the widely dreaded *ma fung ching*, which to you is leprosy. Maryknoll has answered that overpowering challenge with orphanages, schools, hospitals, and the incomparable Gate of Heaven Leper Asylum built by Father Joseph Patrick Sweeney.

During 1947 the Maryknoll orphanage at Loting, established twenty-five years ago by the saintly Father Dan McShane, who died of smallpox contracted from a waif he harbored, received nearly two thousand infants. In December of that year they came in at the rate of five a day, some of them plucked half dead from the dumps and garbage heaps of the region.

They are nursed back to life and cared for by Maryknoll Sisters, with the assistance of repentant mothers, Chinese Sisters, and girl orphans growing into womanhood. They are cared for by Rose, for instance, the first orphan brought to Father McShane, who, in turn, was the first Maryknoll missionary.

And there are the twenty-one blind fish-net makers of "Orphan Alley" in the Yeungkong orphanage, young girls safe at last under the wing of Sister Beatrice, sister of Maryknoll's great Iowa Father Bernard Meyer. And "Scooter Mary" of Paksha, a tiny and terribly crippled infantile paralytic who was turned out by her family and about whom the local police chief said with a shrug, "Her parents are too poor to feed her. She does nothing but eat. She will never be able to work, and no one will ever marry a person who merely scoots along the ground. Her affair is not our concern." That unwanted one was wanted too.

So was Maria, found like Moses in the river weeds as she was breathing her last. The head of a distraught Chinese appeared through the veritable bulrushes as the priest picked the infant out of the mire. It was a tear-stained face, but it is not the

nature of the men of Maryknoll to waste time or words on recrimination.

"I wonder," said the priest aloud, "if I could find a woman in the village who would have milk for this baby. If so, I'd like to hire her."

"Hire me," the woman begged in sudden anguished voice. And so it was done that way, and she wept with joy because now she did not have to obey her husband and his mother, who had commanded her to drown the child on the bitter charge that the baby was female.

THE FIGHT for the soul of Japan is as ceaseless as was the battle for the island itself. It is waged on a dozen fronts. On the one hand are men of compassion and good will. Against them are arrayed Communism and its able allies: hunger, yawning vacuums of the heart and mind, frustration, disenchantment. It is a war that is never cold.

Maryknoll mans a front in this postwar war. Its men first went to Japan in the early '30s at the dawn of the nation's fruitless and often sadistic quest of empire. One of them has organized in Kyoto a St. Vincent de Paul Society, which is restaging each week the miracle of the loaves and the fishes by feeding twelve hundred desperate families. Another, instrumental in the entrance of Baron Kawada's daughter into a convent, mans the top floor of the huge Mitsukoshi department store in downtown Tokyo, and he has made it not only a temple of Christ in a

Buddhist world but also a court of United States-Japanese relations. Others have lectured in Buddhist monasteries. Another colleague is Professor of Catholic Philosophy at

Kyoto Imperial University — fountain-head of Buddhism. These feats of character and valor, utterly impossible or in-

comprehensible a short generation ago, have inspired General Douglas MacArthur to state publicly that Christianity is the only path down which Japan can find temporal and spiritual rehabilitation. Privately he has said more — in behalf of Japan's acceptance of Roman Catholicism, patently the one implacable foe for the enemies of the Japanese people and nation.

In 1947 the Emperor received in special audience Father Joseph Flaujac, of the Paris Foreign Missions Society, to thank him for his work and the work of other Catholic missionaries in Japan. The prescient Father Tibesar saw startling significance in that meeting. He wrote:

"The hold of the Emperor on his people is very real. He showed moral character in renouncing any claim to divinity. He meant what he said and he intends to follow up on that step with something equally momentous.

"One senses here that the story has not yet ended, and that Catholics especially should pray for God's light upon this man who is confronted with so great a decision.

"He can become the Constantine of modern Japan."

Maryknoll, The Field Afar, has no paid agents. This does not prevent our readers from securing subscriptions among their friends. Why not enlist yours as Maryknoll Members and readers — \$1 yearly?

WITH THE EXCEPTION of ancient Rome there is hardly a land in history that has produced more unhailed and unsung martyrs than Korea, of all places. The bloody story is not done. The full account of what is taking place above the thirty-eighth parallel of the Korean peninsula can be known only to God, though there is sufficient photographic evidence, smuggled out, to indicate that the clenched fist has supplanted clasped palms and the Internationale has a higher rating on the Korean Hit Parade than, say, "Ave Maria."

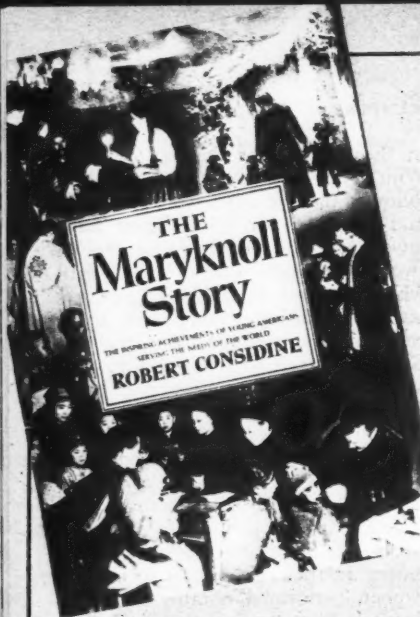
About the time our Revolutionary War was getting into stride a group of Korean scholars climbed a mountain to read in peace some Jesuit writings which had fallen into their hands. In 1783 they persuaded a friendly traveler, Ri Syeng Hun, the son of the Korean ambassador to China, to seek out the Catholic missionaries in Peking, accept Baptism, and bring that grace and additional writings back to Korea with him. Peter, as he became appropriately known, did so. When he returned home in 1784, he baptized the scholars and they, in turn, began to spread the Word. Many of them and those who followed them were killed, yet by 1794 there were four thousand Catholics in the land.

The first priest to enter Korea was a Chinese named James Tsiou. He was murdered in 1801, and the land for the next thirty-three years was without a priest. Yet the Faith held. In the middle 1830s two French priests, in disguise, crossed the frozen Yalu River from Manchuria and entered Korea through a water drain

in the wall of the frontier city of Wiju. They and Bishop Imbert who followed them in 1837, were tortured and beheaded in 1839. Their followers, scattering before the butcher's swords, doggedly spread the Word wherever they fled. Twenty years later the Catholic population had courageously risen to 23,000. In 1870 Korean officials went to work to exterminate the seed wherever it had fallen. They martyred 8,000 Catholics during the year. But the Faith held out and in 1882 the authorities decided that missionaries had as much right to live as any other human.

The Maryknollers were put to work in Pengyang, northwestern Korea, in 1922. That these men and women performed notably may be deduced from the fact that between '22 and Pearl Harbor they baptized 25,000 Koreans in that section alone. Through the land there were 175,000 others. Just before Maryknoll's Bishop William F. O'Shea died in the United States, after being flung out of his vicariate by the Japanese in 1942, he wrote, "The day will come when American missionaries will return to help the native Korean church of the future to fulfill its destiny."

The good Bishop reckoned without Russia. There will be a delay which he could not consider. There is peace in Korea, or a reasonable facsimile, but in the north its churches are closed or put to other uses. The Maryknoll territory was half as large as Indiana and it abounded in hard-won schools. The Society employed 95 native catechists and 244 teachers and was just beginning the development there of a strong native clergy. Maryknoll



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**THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK**

Please send me copies of
The Maryknoll Story.

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Name

Street

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Sisters were treating 27,000 cases a year in their dispensaries. But the Curtain fell with a clatter.

WITH AN ECONOMY of fanfare, Maryknoll priests, Brothers, and Sisters recently have taken over the spiritual and physical welfare of more than a quarter of million natives in the Tanganyika Territory of British East Africa.

The Maryknollers' first steps in Africa were guided by the tireless White Fathers, who have been bucking the pagan ignorance and truculent terrain for many years. Today in Africa there are Maryknoll schools (these received priority over churches), clinics, chapels, shrines — and conversions which, if continued to be nurtured, will make of their little section a veritable fortress of Christianity. There are even convents that one day will train African Sisters. And the use of the word "even" is adequately understood only if one senses the traditional role of women in Central Africa.

The Central African woman is labor. Capital is cattle. The wife or wives of a man are his workers, for the thought of hiring workers and paying them is never entertained. "To tell a pagan that, to be a Christian, he can have only one wife," a bishop of Tanganyika explains, "is at first as incomprehensible to him as it would be to tell an American that, to be a good follower of Christ, he can engage only one hired hand."

The Church moves prudently in the face of deep-rooted custom. The missionaries, for instance, see in the cow-dowry system a means of strengthening the estate of marriage.

The system gives permanency to marriages because no family likes to return the dowry, the requisite of an East African divorce.

Maryknollers are as a rule pretty well case hardened in the face of disease. But those in Africa have new fields of endeavor to probe: sleeping sickness induced by the bite of the tsetse fly, poisonous tick bites, snake bites, and water poisoning. There is leprosy in the region, an infant mortality approaching 70 percent, deaths and maimings from crocodile bites, occasional rhinoceros gorings, and cases of pythons swallowing parishioners whole. But the most feared bite a native can receive around Kowak is the bite of a member of the Usimbiti tribe. These ancient enemies of the people of the Kowak region file their teeth to sharp points to enhance their biting power. The gaping wounds they inflict become infected almost immediately.

But such obstacles, towering as they are to the mind of a Western reader, are taken in stride by devoted missionaries.



Our Neighbor, the Pucarara

THE PUCARARA, seen in several Maryknoll stations in Bolivia, is said to be the most poisonous snake in South America. In English we call it the jungle rattler or woods

rattler; it is found always in the forest and never in the pampa. The *pucarara* has two fangs that are very strong—strong enough to penetrate the rubber shoes of the workers in the woods. When angry, this snake coils with its head about a foot off the ground, and it can spring as much as eight feet.

— Monsignor Thomas J. Danehy

"It is a great privilege to live here among the simple, friendly, uninhibited Luos," wrote Father Ed Bratton from Kowak shortly after his arrival in 1948. "Maybe this place has only a few mud houses; maybe there are no trees; maybe the customs are funny to an American. But Kowak is my new home, and it looks good to me."

STRANGE WORDS, stranger places, strangest people . . .

But men and women as American as the hot dog, and as much a part of Christ as Peter, are bringing love and life and health and hope and the Faith to these places and the human beings who inhabit them. In Africa alone, where there are now 10,000,000 Catholics, the goal for 1975 is 50,000,000.

Preposterous?

Impossible?

We wonder. We wonder if any task on earth can overwhelm such people as that timeless and incomparable adventurer—The Kid Down the Block.

To Educate A PRIEST



HUNDREDS OF YOUNG men are studying in Maryknoll seminaries to prepare themselves to serve on foreign missions. Many of these young men have insufficient funds to meet the ordinary expenses of their years of training. But we never refuse a deserving candidate who is unable to finance his education. Instead, we seek benefactors to assist us in maintaining him.

This idea of educating a young man for the priesthood may appeal to you or to your friends. One benefactor wrote:

"Find enclosed \$500. I have al-

ways wanted to educate a young man for the priesthood, but now I know I shall never be able to do so. I am eighty-three years old, so if I can take care of myself, and do a little, I shall do well."

You can share in the training of Maryknoll priests by helping us with our new seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois. No gift is too small; any gift, from \$1 to \$1,000, will be welcome. A little from many, will make much from all.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Here is \$_____ toward the new Maryknoll seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, to train more missionaries. I'll send more when I can.

Name _____

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Mona San
AND THE
CAMERAMAN

"Japanese children are like technicolor dolls," wrote Father Joseph A. Hahn from Japan, where he was shooting film for a new Maryknoll movie. "The other day Mona San and some of her friends showed up in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and I couldn't resist making some color snapshots to show you."





In few places in the world will be found native dress that equals the Japanese kimono for brilliance of color and grace of style. Mona San and her playmates are like picturesque porcelain dolls, fragile, beautiful. May they never adopt our Western garments!



JAPAN HAS
FEW RIVALS
IN COLOR



WHEN a missionary gets a toothache, that's really a calamity, because even if he knows where a dentist is to be found, he can be sure that such a man will be far, far away. Medical doctors are scarce in hinterland China, but dentists are even more rare. Most missionaries manage to solve the difficulty by spending a large part of the annual vacation in one of the large cities, having their teeth checked over and put in shape to hold out for another year. But when a missionary is in the interior and a sudden toothache comes on, there is little that can be done.

Not long ago I had a toothache; a big filling had dropped out of one of my molars. The cavity required immediate attention, but I did not think that it need cause me any worry. I was lucky, I thought, because my mission was only seventy miles from Kweilin, and Kweilin had become a very prosperous city blessed with several large hospitals and some good doctors. I said to myself, "Tomorrow I will go to Kweilin and get my tooth refilled."

In former years, it was not easy to cover the seventy miles to Kweilin. True, there were busses; but Chinese busses in the interior are not dependable, to say the least. A missionary wishing to go to Kweilin, the mission center, would say an early Mass, and then go down to the bus station and

Maryknoll acknowledges all mail as soon as possible after we have received it. If your letter to us has not been acknowledged, may we ask you to let us know?

SOUTH CHINA

by Joseph W. Regan

sit around indefinitely. There might be a bus that day — and there might not. It is not the custom of Chinese bus companies to publish schedules, or to try to maintain any. Even when a bus finally did wheeze into the market place, there was always the problem of trying to squeeze aboard between passengers, chickens, and baggage. Once aboard, the passengers had no assurance that the bus would reach Kweilin that day. More than likely it would not, and the missionary would have to spend a night or two sleeping along the road or in a Chinese inn.

That was the situation in the old days. But now all that we have to do is take advantage of that wonderful American invention introduced into this region during the war — the jeep. Once we are aboard the mission jeep, Kweilin is only four or five hours distant.

To get my aching tooth repaired I went to Kweilin by jeep, arrived early, and sent Monsignor Romanelli's Number One helper to make an appointment for me with the dentist. When the messenger returned, he said, "The dentist will take care of you at two o'clock this afternoon."

After lunch, Number One took me

TOOTHACHE



The watchmaker was obliging

to the hospital. We were ushered into the dental office. In a few moments, a doctor came in, looked into my mouth, painted it with iodine, and gave me a prescription for some medicine with which to gargle my throat.

This seemed a very strange procedure, and I was confused until it was cleared up later in the day. Number One explained apologetically: "We made a mistake this afternoon. Instead of meeting the dentist, you were treated by the throat doctor."

Things like that happen in China. Early the next morning we returned to the dentist's office. I sat down in the same chair, but this time the real dentist came to look at my tooth.

"I'm sorry," he said after examining my cavity. "I have no material with which to fill your tooth."

He recommended a dentist in another hospital, at the other end of the city. We went there immediately, but were disappointed to find a sign outside the office, stating, "The dentist has gone away on a two-week vacation."

What to do next was a problem. There were no more dentists in Kweilin, and I had to get that tooth fixed. Otherwise what could I do

later if the Communists should come and I should be unable to travel freely?

As I was considering the problem, I happened to glance at the mouth of Number One, and realized that he had a row of gold teeth.

"Where did you get those gold teeth?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I have a friend who is a watchmaker, and he knows how to put gold caps on teeth."

"Do you think he could fill my tooth?" I asked.

"Let's go and see," he answered.

In a few moments we were before an open air stand on Kweilin's main street. The watchmaker listened attentively as Number One explained my problem. When my guide had finished, the watchmaker said that he would be very happy to fill my tooth but the only material he had was a tube of cement.

I told him to go ahead and use that. I sat on a stool, and the watchmaker proceeded to fill my cavity. With the help of some passers-by — for we had acquired a crowd of interested observers — the job was finally completed, and I began to feel like myself again.

Strange to say, the filling stayed in and the tooth hasn't ached since.



CAPTAIN JORGE

by James A. Sheridan

JORGE GOMEZ is a bright little fellow, who smiles and smiles and smiles. The Sisters in charge of the orphanage here in Chillan say that he even smiles in his sleep.

Jorge was born horribly crippled. And as if that wasn't enough trouble for one person, the earthquake that ruined this Chilean city in 1939 killed his father and mother. But

somehow, the little cripple was saved, and he has lived ever since with the Sisters of Charity who conduct an orphanage in the old hospital of Chillan.

During these ten years, the other boys in the orphanage have been Jorge's means of getting about; they take turns carrying him pickaback. Jorge is the most helpless of the children, and one might expect him to be the saddest. On the contrary, he is the "life" of everything that takes place. If Jorge wants to spin tops, the others agree to do the same; if he wants to sing, the others join in loudly. When I hear confessions at the orphanage and Jorge goes to confession, so do the other thirty-odd youngsters who live with him.

The Sister in charge is sometimes beside herself trying to get order in the dining room. She has learned that, if she can get Jorge quieted, the rest of the youngsters will behave like angels.

Jorge calls me Padre Pelade because of my bald head. The chaplain of the hospital has such a head, too, so we recently had a little get-together. Jorge was the life of the party. He sang an original song called "The Baldheads" during which he smiled and smiled, while the rest of us laughed until we had tears in our eyes.

Recently I asked Jorge what he wishes to do when he grows older.

"Oh, that's simple, Padre. I've got it all fixed up. The Sisters won't throw me out, so I'll stay here and help them." Jorge knows that his body is helpless, but he also knows that God gave him the kind of spirit that makes him an inspiring leader.

AFIELD *with the* MARYKNOLL SISTERS

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

Stopped on a Dime. May has been "dead" in a sense, for seventeen years. But she is full of fun still. In the leper colony on Molokai, she manages to drive a little car, using her one foot and fingerless hands like an acrobat.

On the day of my visit, she swung around the driveway on two wheels and "stopped on a dime" in front of the gate. She had come to see me, a guest on Molokai, because I could tell her about her three children, whom she has never seen.

May was fourteen when she knew herself to be a leper. At the Kalihi Receiving Station for lepers in Honolulu, she met Joe. Late one night, they escaped and fled to Molokai. It was a refuge, a place where no one shrinks from you if you are a leper, no one pities you, no one thinks you are anything but normal. You can own your own car and live your family life like "clean people."

But May could not be a mother to her own children. May's boy, Joseph, and later the twins, Mary and Cecilia, were born on Molokai. They were taken from May at birth, and all three are now with our Maryknoll

Sisters in the Maui Children's Home in Honolulu. I had heard their prayers and put them to bed, and cured their tummy-aches, and kissed the place to make it well so often that I wanted them to see their real mother and let her enjoy them, too.

I had a wonderful talk with May, telling her about the children. She stood on crutches and one swollen, toe-less foot, raising a ghastly hand now and then to wipe the tears from her half-blind eyes or to compose her quivering, distended mouth.

May smiled at their cute remarks, laughed at their tumbles, and hugged

A Promise Kept

MOTHER MARIANNE, the Franciscan who began the Sisters' work among the lepers of Molokai, promised that if her Sisters would observe ordinary rules of cleanliness, they would never contract leprosy. In sixty years' work, no Sister has contracted it. The Sisters see Christ in the sick who in turn are grateful that they are not "untouchables" to the Sisters.

to her heart the snapshots I had brought for her. "Good, clean children," she murmured. "Thank God!"

Just a short time previously, May had hired an airplane and flown to Maui. (Lepers may fly to the other islands but are forbidden to get out of the plane after it lands.) We Sisters had dressed the children in their bestest best, and sent them off to see May at the airport. But somehow their guardian got her wires crossed, and she kept the children all afternoon at the wrong airfield.

It was a great disappointment for May, but her simple, Hawaiian poise was not ruffled. She waited to hear what had happened before blaming anyone; then she said simply, "God wanted it that way."

As I looked at May, I felt sure the children would have been shocked to see their mother. May has the type of leprosy that bloats the nose, ears, and mouth. Her hands and feet are stumps; her eyes are watery. If she were not so used to herself and to the hundreds like her on Molokai, she would never have wanted her children to see her.

May came to the field to see us off. As the little, four-seater plane

took us into the air, May, balanced on her crutches, waved her handkerchief.

May is not the only heroine on Molokai. Chief among them, perhaps, are the nine Franciscan Sisters from Syracuse, New York, who operate the Bishop Home for forty-four women patients and also staff the colony's hospital.

"You have such a bright, happy smile," a visitor remarked to one of those Sisters.

The Sister's eyes roamed over the wardful of sunken noses, blinded eyes, mouths puckered to tiny holes or bloated beyond recognition, finger-less hands and toe-less feet, and the Sister laughed aloud.

"But there's so much to be happy about, here on Molokai. I love it!" she said.

Just then the visitor looked at Lelani, who is all but blind, has no fingers, and breathes through a silver tube. Lelani must stop the hole in her throat with her stump of a hand, every time she wants to speak. Yet Lelani's every remark is a quip or an expression of thanks.

— Sister Marilyn (Earley),
of San Francisco, Calif.

----- MARYKNOLL SISTERS

MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Dear Sisters,

I should like to help your work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. My offering \$_____ is enclosed.

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I will offer _____ days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$_____ a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.



Sister Camillus listens to a Palau Islander tell her how Japanese forces dynamited their beautiful hotel during the war. The jungle is slowly obliterating a whole civilization that once flourished on this tiny island in the Pacific. Four Maryknoll Sisters here are the only Sisters in a vast ocean area of 2,000,000 square miles. Right: Sister Madeleine Sophie, in South China, knows the answer written over the boy's face.



THE STORY OF MARY T'EN

Disinherited and reviled, her deed
took more than courage

by J. Maynard Murphy

MARY T'EN was born in Swatow, China, the oldest of six sisters. When she was two years old, her family migrated and took her to Siam. There she got her primary schooling at a Catholic school. The priest and Sisters thought Mary ought to become a religious, and she, too, felt that she had a vocation.

But Mary's family went to great lengths to oppose her entering the convent. They even sent her back to China at the age of thirteen, together with a younger sister and money to build a home in China. While the younger sister acted as cook for the workmen, Mary supervised the building, keeping all accounts and paying all the salaries. When the house was completed, her family returned to China and sent Mary to a pagan high school.

After graduation Mary took a position as teacher in the mission primary school. She still wished to enter a convent, and asked the pastor, a Chinese priest, to find a place for her.

The pastor's answer was this: "You don't need to go to a convent, to be a religious. You can be a religious just as well, at home." That pastor was transferred two years later, and

Mary received a similar answer from his successor.

At that time she met the woman catechist in my mission of Onliou. She had almost given up all thought of entering a convent. But on the chance that there was still some hope, she began to pray to be admitted to Bishop Ford's convent. If that attempt failed, she would like to be hired as a woman catechist in my mission. She had heard of our woman catechist's work and thought she'd like catechetical work if she couldn't be a Sister.

Mary wrote to Bishop Ford, but was told she had passed the age limit for the convent. She continued to teach at the parish school for one year. Then unforeseen circumstances forced the pastor to close the school, and Mary found herself without a job. It was at that stage in her troubles that I first heard of Mary T'ien.

Our mission needed another catechist, and the one I already had told me that there was a young woman in a neighboring mission looking for a job. Without knowing Mary or her story, I hired her on a trial basis. She was to act as a companion to the

regular catechist and learn the job.

After a year of zealous activity, Mary came to me with a new plan. She wanted to go to Kanchow to study medicine, so as to be more useful to the Church. Moreover, she realized that I might not be able to rehire her for catechetical work, and she thought some medical knowledge would help her to secure other useful employment.

Before agreeing to the plan, I wished to make certain that Mary would have a chance to make a real test of her vocation. I asked if she still wanted to enter a convent, — and her whole face brightened.

"Is there still a chance?" she asked eagerly.

"We can find out," I answered. Then I wrote a letter to the Carmelite Convent in Hong Kong.

The Superior's reply stated that the community would be very glad to accept Mary T'ien on trial. Mary's next move was to find out the exact schedule followed by the Carmel nuns. For six months she regulated her life accordingly.

When the news of this reached Mary's family, they were up in arms. I was able to talk the parents into letting Mary have her chance. But the oldest brother, head of the family, disinherited her and refused to



A portrait of Mary T'ien

acknowledge her as his sister. A younger brother, in the army, wrote letter after letter scolding her. Neighbors and other friends tried to dissuade her with stories of the "terrible life" led in the cloister.

In spite of all opposition, Mary T'ien went to Hong Kong and entered Carmel, on the feast of Pentecost. Now her family is very happy and proud; her brother wrote to apologize for trying to keep her from the convent, and he asked her to pray for all her relatives.



An Old Indian Woman got on the third-class car of the north-bound train and took a seat across the aisle from Father George. When the conductor came along to punch the tickets, Father George looked up from his breviary and noticed two men sitting where the woman had been. Later he noticed the squaw hiding under their seat. At the end of the line she crawled out from under the seat, picked up her empty basket, and walked off the train with the rest of the passengers.

— *Joseph H. Cappel, Temuco, Chile.*



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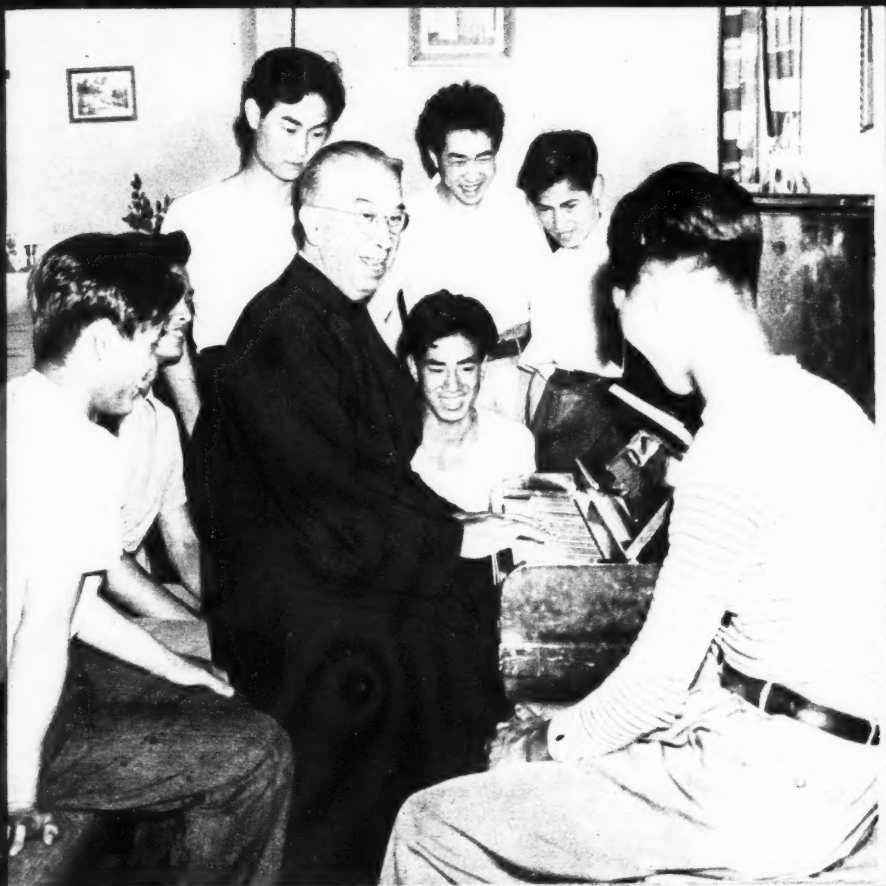
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This
end



The Priest who Plays the Piano

This Kyoto version of Mr. Chips endears himself to his students by an unending series of musical concerts from choice classics to the current hits.





Besides teaching English to 2,000 university students, Father Murrett coaches his household group in their studies. He likewise accedes to their request for spiritual conferences, given as they squat on the chapel floor.

WHEN Father John C. Murrett, of Buffalo assumed his post in the English Literature Department of the University of Kyoto, the president said to him: "Give the students all the English you can, and something more — a knowledge of your religion. It is the only thing that will keep them from following the Red line."

Between Kyoto University and near-by Sanko, Father Murrett found himself with two thousand in each week's classes. Then a dormitory at Sanko burned down, and the priest invited twelve homeless students to sleep on mattresses in the tiny cottage allotted to him on the university

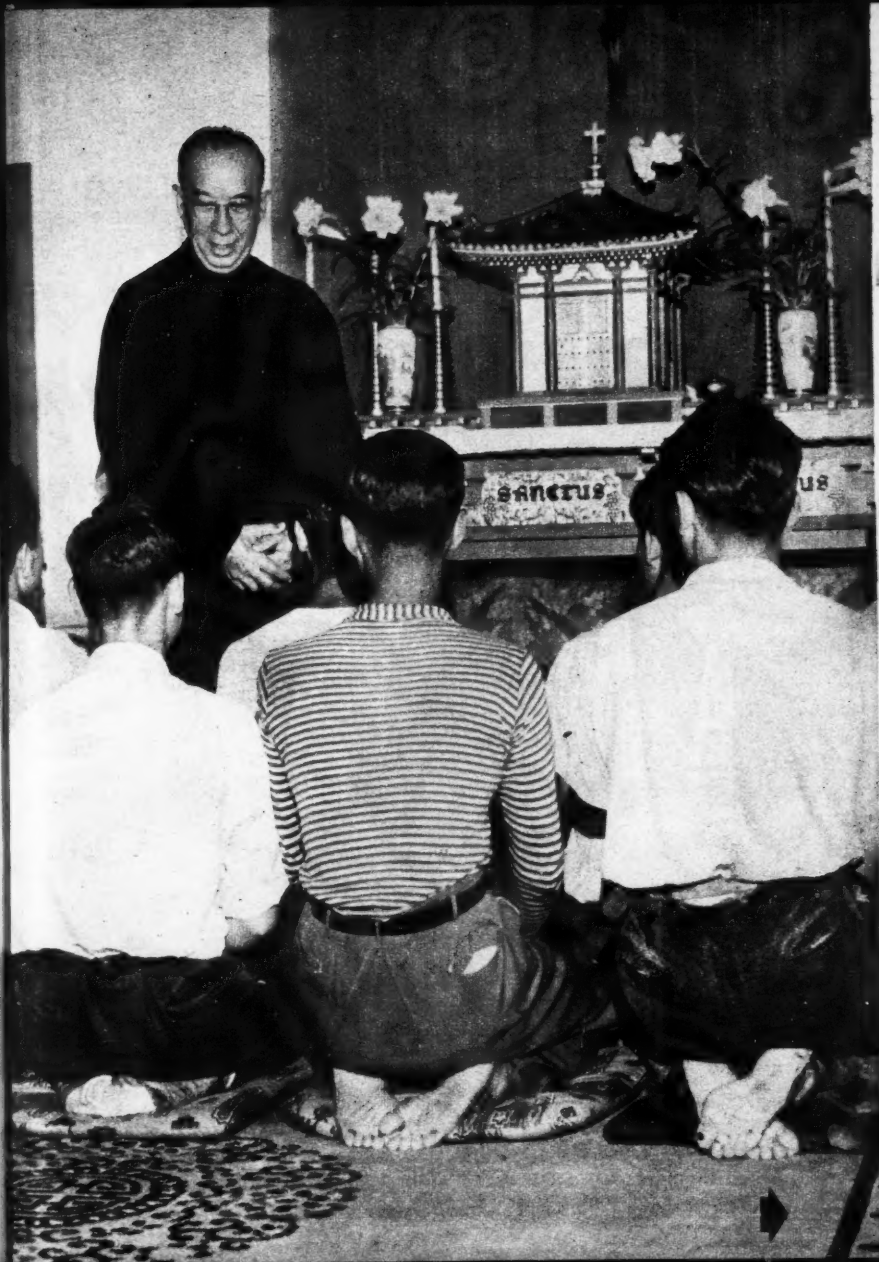
grounds. When the sun rose next morning, Father Murrett found himself proprietor of a hostel with twelve guests. But that did not satisfy him. He became, rather, the spiritual father of twelve sons, and his kindly tutelage of this group has created a rare household.

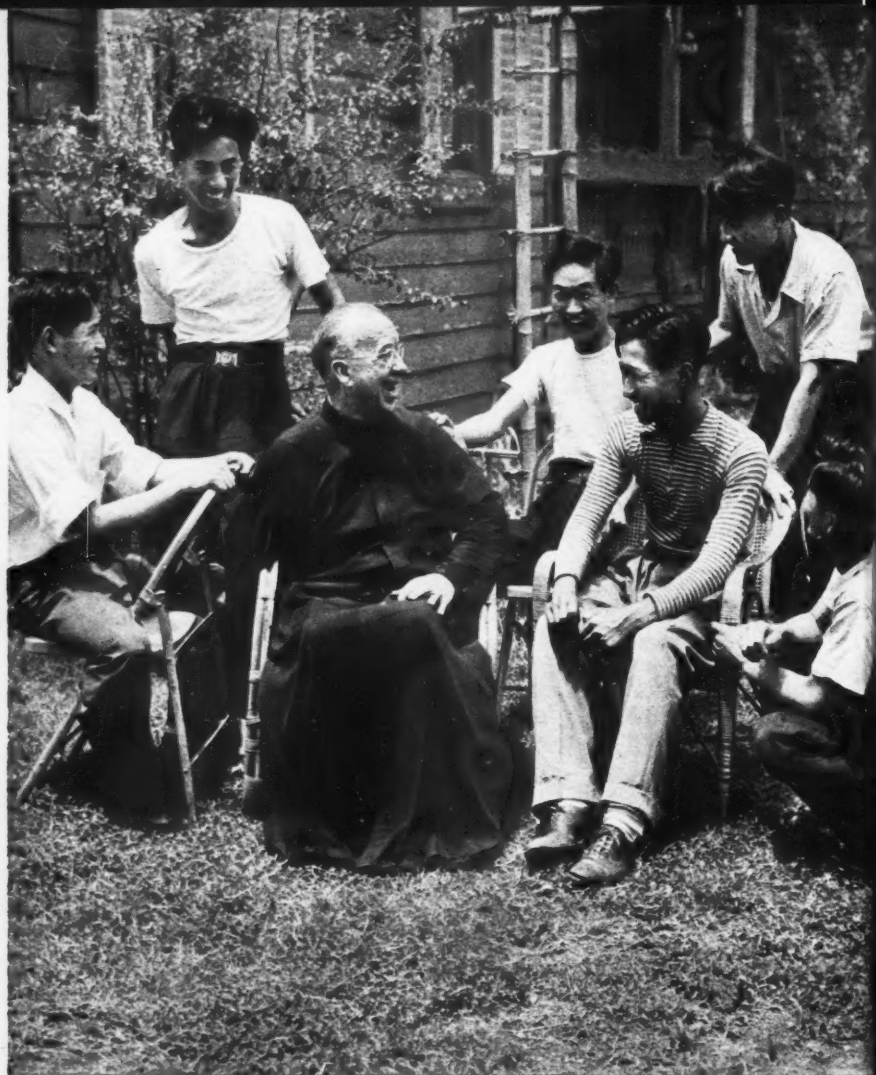
The late Father Flanagan happened to pass through Kyoto about the time the students moved into the cottage, and they asked if they might conduct their new quarters along the lines used in his Boys Town. They elected their own governor, council, treasurer, and immediately went into action. The first item of business was the matter of food. All rations of rice,

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Hearty good humor is Father Murrett's most precious stock in trade. University students who began their stay with him as disaster victims, who tossed themselves on borrowed mattresses for a single night, have remained in these "temporary" quarters for years because they liked him.

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vegetables, fish, and sugar were extremely precious in those days, but the students realized that if all would pool what little they had, they could greatly reduce their outlay for edibles.

Quickly these twelve young men put into force a horarium that would do credit to a seminary. Their horarium called for a six o'clock rising. Though no one of them was a Catholic, they appointed times for morning and night prayers in chapel. An hour a day was assigned for manual labor, and a rotation of household duties was listed for each morning.

Today, five of those twelve students are Catholics; the whole group answers the responses (in Latin) during the Holy Sacrifice each morning; and although they were never told to do so, each student, even if he arrives late, goes to the chapel

before lunch, to say the *Angelus*.

The students have their own weekly newspaper, which they edit in turn. Recently they started a system of fines: if a student leaves a hat, coat, book, or other article lying about where it should not be, the treasurer picks up the article, and returns it to the owner on the payment of one yen — and the fines are contributed to the St. Vincent de Paul fund in Kyoto. They also have a system of penalties: a chart is posted for listing violations of the rule, and each culprit's penance is to do someone else's work as well as his own, or to forego a recreation or a motion picture, or to work in the garden.

Father Murrett expects his intellectual apostolate to pay dividends when his students return home.



THREE-MINUTE Meditation

*"Now there stood by the cross of
Jesus, his mother" (John xix:25).*

WE KNOW a priest who wonders if Mary thought of the widow of Naim when she was making the fourteenth station. Mary was a widow then, and her only Son was being carried to the grave.

There was no kind stranger to halt the funeral of her Son. She would not, if she could, interrupt the passion and death of the Saviour. With all the pangs of her heart and soul, she wanted to help Him redeem mankind. But without reason does the Church revere her as our Co-Redemptrix.

Our Lady is concerned that you and I take full advantage of the graces won for us on Good Friday at such a terrible cost in sorrow and suffering. But her concern does not end with us. Her Son made it very plain that you and I are expected to help bring those saving graces to the whole world — to every man, woman, and child. Our Co-Redemptrix likewise reminds us that there are too many people in this world who do not even know what she and her Son went through for each and every human being.

Our Lady still stands at the foot of the cross, in a manner of speaking, and says to us: "Look what the Saviour did to save all men. What are you doing to make our sacrifice known?"

Conclusion: Mary takes a very personal interest in the missions. Do we?

Co-ordination

THE CHURCH in China has come of age in our day, its dearly bought gains finally coalescing in a well-knit organization of solid strength and nation-wide dimensions. Centuries of heroic apostolic effort prepared the way for this. The pioneering missions of earlier years, scattered over China's vast area in isolated units, often persecuted, always struggling but always somehow advancing — succeeded in duplicating the growth of the mustard seed. The entire country of China is now covered with a great network of stations, churches, chapels and establishments that resemble the multiple branches of an ever-spreading tree.

The little flocks of China are full of faith, noted for their loyalty to the Church, fairly well instructed, and faithful in the practice of their religious duties. Vocations from among them, for both the priesthood and the Sisterhood, have come forward in good numbers and are on the increase. China's native hierarchy is an accomplished fact.

GROWTH BRINGS its own problems, or at least it intensifies some of those already existing. China is an immense area of great physical spaces. Some of the missions in that immense area are quite isolated; almost all of them are separated from each other by considerable distances. Some of the missions are well provided with personnel and means; others are yet in their primitive beginnings, sans everything. Communications in China are poor, so that intercommunication is difficult. It is hard for a missionary in Manchuria to know what is going on in Yunnan, and vice versa. The

in China

Catholics of South China know little about their neighbors in the distant provinces. Often, indeed, it is not easy for missionaries, north or south, to know what is happening in their own province, or even within the confines of their own mission territory. In these circumstances, any close co-operation between missions becomes a problem.

The missions of China are staffed by workers of different religious congregations, different nationalities, different languages and tastes and traditions. The missionary often follows the bent of his own nationality or religious family to a large extent, in his choice of method. Meanwhile there may be other good methods in operation elsewhere, about which he knows nothing.

THE NATURE of the current mission need points to its own solution. The variegated complexion of the missionary body in China, drawn from all over the earth as it is, could be a blessing rather than a problem — could be a powerful help instead of a clogging handicap — if the gifts and talents of all missionaries were lumped and shared by a careful process of co-ordination and unification.

In reality, the composite possession of this great missionary body is a vast treasure house of consecrated talent and mission experience, which is all the richer because it is drawn from so many different elements. There is a cross section of the gifts of the world in this cosmopolitan body. A little co-ordination of all these riches is all that is required. A mutual enrichment would result, which might lead to the conversion of China.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

CHILE is one of the progressive and up-to-date nations of Latin America. The two young *Chilenos* on our cover this month are much better off than most of their brothers south of the Rio Grande. These two men are *huasos*, the Chilean version of our cowboys. They are not wearing their work a-day dress, but their best *fiesta* clothes. Chile's population is equally divided between farm and factory.



The Faith of Felipe

IN A LITTLE HUT sat Maria, a young Indian mother, crooning to her sick child. She sat on a wooden bench before a simple shrine where burned a vigil light below a picture of the Little Flower.

Outside, the very image of dejection, stood Felipe, Maria's husband. He was looking at the desolation which only a few months previously had been his pride and joy. The corn he had tended carefully was yellow and drooping for lack of rain; the beans were drying up; the water in the well was at the lowest he had ever known it to be. All summer long the hot sun had beat down mercilessly upon the parched fields. The scattered pumpkins were shriveled, their leaves a pale yellow. Swirls of dust eddied over cracked fields, drawing off the last bit of moisture.

Soon there would be nothing left of his crops, and Felipe would have to leave his little farm to seek a living elsewhere. The thought wrung his heart. Here he had been born; here he had grown to manhood, married, and started to raise his family. Up till now he had managed to earn enough to live decently although humbly. God had been good to him. What had he done to offend the Deity? He decided to go to the village church, to offer to the good God prayers for pardon and help, and to ask the intercession of his family's patron saint, the Little Flower.

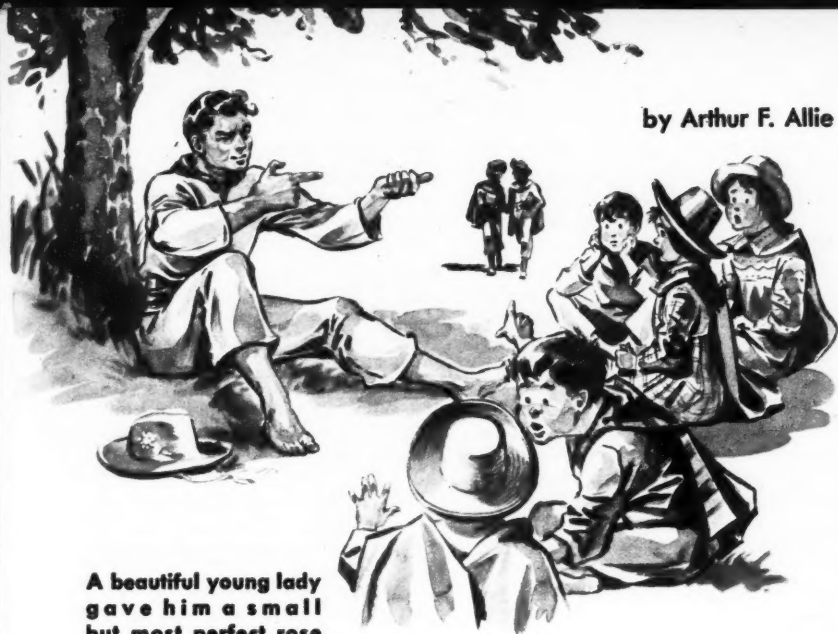
"Maria," he said soothingly to

his wife, "for our sakes, I must make another visit to the church. I will light a candle before the altar of our saint and ask her to intercede for us. We need her help badly. See how sick our little one is. And you, Maria, are pale and thin. It is the worry and lack of food. But the good Lord will help us."

"It is well, Felipe, that you go to the village. I am not strong enough for the journey. Our little one grows weaker for lack of food, but we cannot buy any. I will pray here while you are away, and ask God to send us the blessed rain. Have faith in Him, Felipe, and in the Little Flower."

Felipe walked rapidly over the dusty, hot road to the town and went directly to the church. In its cool interior, he dropped to his knees on the stone floor and prayed ardently for help for his wife and child, for his fields and his animals. He promised to serve God faithfully and to be even more kind to all men if the good rains would only fall once more on his dying crops.

As he knelt there absorbed in his prayers, a rich widow, Dona Helena Escobar, entered the church to make her daily visit. She brushed the dust from the kneeler, placed her purse on the seat behind her, and knelt to pray. Then she arose to go forward and light a candle at the shrine of her favorite saint. When Dona Helena stepped into the aisle, she opened



by Arthur F. Allie

**A beautiful young lady
gave him a small
but most perfect rose**

her purse to extract a handkerchief, and in doing so a bill fluttered to the floor. But the lady did not notice the money, and continued on her way to complete her devotions.

Felipe looked at the bill; it was one of twenty pesos. A temptation took hold of him to put the money into his pocket. With twenty pesos he could buy milk for the baby and food for Maria and himself. But no — he must not do that! The money belonged to the lady. Beside, this was the house of God, and to take money there would be worse than ordinary stealing.

"Pardon me," he said to Dona Helena, "but you dropped this bill from your purse when you started for the altar."

"Why, perhaps I did. Let me see." Opening her purse, she looked inside

for a second and then said: "Yes, it is mine. I had the money under my handkerchief. Many thanks! You are an honest man. Tell me, what is your name?"

"My name, *senora*, is Felipe Garcia, at your service."

"Very well, Felipe. Here is a peso for your honesty."

"Thank you, *senora*; you are very kind."

Felipe then knelt before the shrine of the Little Flower. He took out from his pocket the cheap paraffin candle that he had purchased in the plaza, lit it, and set it below the picture of the young Carmelite saint. Fervently he prayed to his patroness to help him and his family. Surely the good God would hear the intercessory prayers of the Little Flower for her devoted clients.

While Felipe was engrossed in his conversation with his saint, a little boy touched him on the arm. Felipe recognized the lad as one who had often come to his farm to listen as Felipe told him yarns of long ago when the Aztecs were in their glory.

"Here is something for you, Señor Garcia," said little Pedro quietly, handing Felipe a new twenty peso note.

"Where did you get this, Pedro?"

"A lady in the plaza where I was playing asked me to come to you before the altar of the Little Flower and give you this money. She gave me this flower for you, too," handing Felipe a small but perfect rose.

"But, Pedro do you know who the lady is? Have you ever seen her before?"

"No, *senor*, I never saw her before. But she smiled at me. I think she knows me."

"Is she old?"

"No, *senor*, she is young, and has a lovely smile."

Felipe rose and kissed the picture of his saint and gave thanks to her and to God for this evidence of a loving Providence. After he had prayed his heart out in thanksgiving, Felipe left the church to tell his friend Padre Jimenez about his good fortune.

"What brings you here, my

son?" asked the pastor. "What is your trouble? Everyone has troubles, in these days. Surely God is punishing us for our sins."

"I have troubles, but I have joys, too, *Padre!*"

Then Felipe told the good priest about his visit to the church, the return of the twenty peso bill to Dona Helena, and the occurrence of the boy bringing him a new twenty peso bill from a strange lady. "I have always," concluded the young Indian, "had great confidence in the Little Flower. She has never failed us when we needed her help. Yes, the twenty pesos and the rose are her answer to the prayers of my wife and me."

"Of that I have no doubt, my son. Oh, if the rest of my parishioners had such faith, the land would not be suffering from this terrible drought. Tomorrow I will offer Mass again for rain."

Felipe returned home carrying more provisions than he had bought since last harvest. Maria met him at the door.

"You are back in good time, Felipe. And what are all the bundles you are carrying? Surely you did not go into debt to buy those supplies for us?"

"No, my little wife. God has heard our prayers, and the Little Flower sent us money to buy food."

Then Felipe told of the wonderful events of the day, and gave Maria the rose.

"Oh, it is beautiful, Felipe! A rose, and for me. It is from the Little Flower! She has heard our prayers. See how our little one sleeps quietly. Now if the good saint will only send



us the blessed rains! But I know she will — I am sure she will not fail us in that. Courage, Felipe, the rains will come. Here, let us light a candle and place it before her shrine."

Before retiring for the night Maria placed the small but perfect rose before the shrine of the Little Flower. Later that night, cool winds stole gently through Felipe's valley. The air grew gradually cooler and soon there was the gentle drip, drip, drip of the rain. It came down like a benediction from above and moistened the parched earth; it filled the dry brook with sparkling waters; it restored life to the drooping corn and the withered beans. Everywhere there was the heavy fragrance of moist earth. The precious water had renewed the face of the land.

In her garden Dona Helena hummed a little song as she plucked a few flowers that had been carefully watered during the drought. She made a small nosegay of them to carry to the church.

In the village, the old priest beamed with delight as he saw the freshness of the fields and realized that his people would no longer suffer. God had heard their prayers and his. This very morning he would offer a Mass of thanksgiving. Many people would come and praise the good God.

The town folk, seeing the valley again return to prosperity, nodded appreciatively. "It's a good thing," they said, "that the rains came, or we'd be closing our shops." Felipe and Maria knew from whence their blessings had come. They said: "God is indeed very good. And let us thank, also, our intercessor, the Little Flower."



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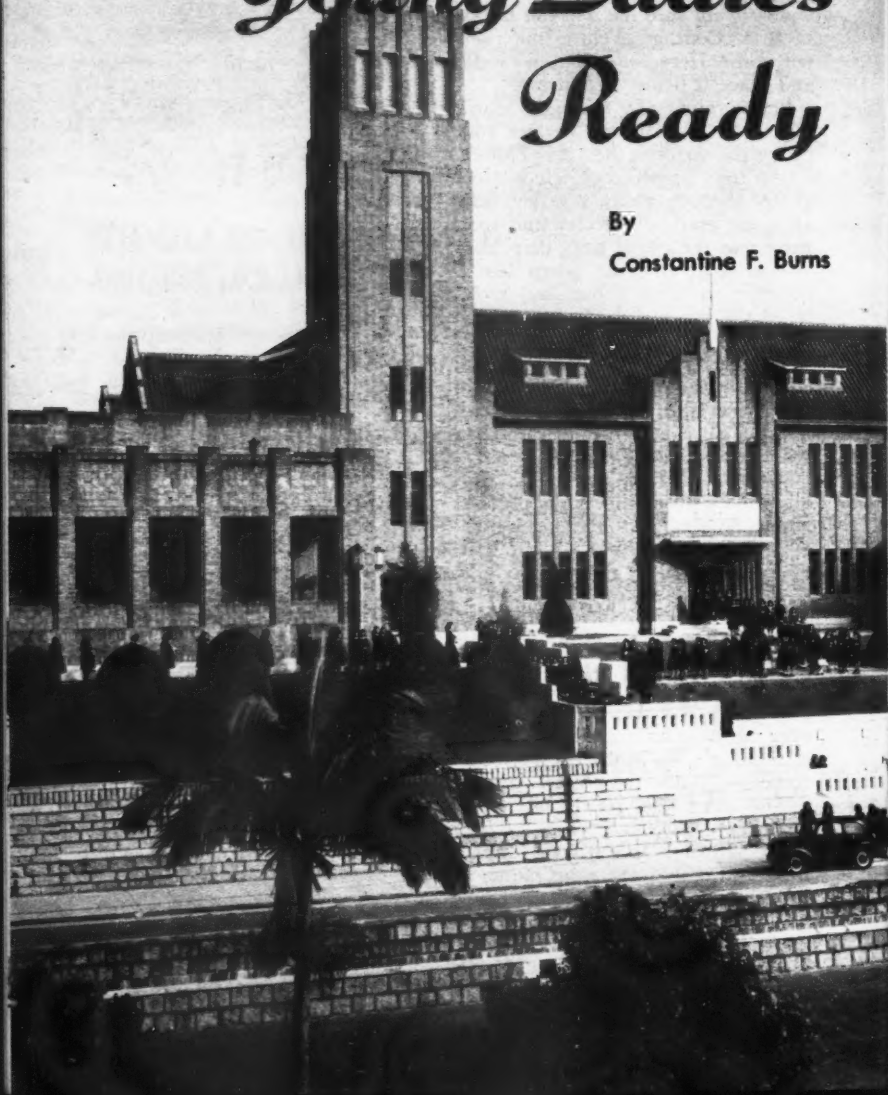
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Young Ladies Ready

By

Constantine F. Burns



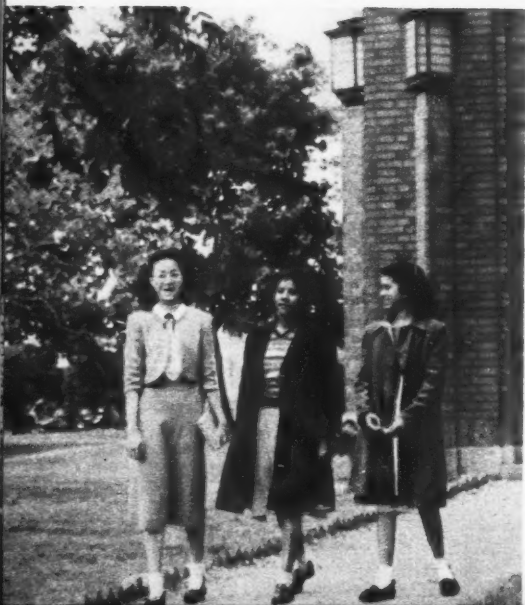
to Lead



Smart school
that builds love of God
and love of neighbor

MANY a promising leader among South China's feminine younger set received her start at Maryknoll School in Kowloon, Hong Kong. The efforts and prayers of Sister Mary Paul and her community of Maryknoll Sisters made this school a reality. "The most beautiful building in Hong Kong" one traveler describes it. The school has an enrollment of 750 pupils. It has been, and we hope will continue to be a strong influence for good.



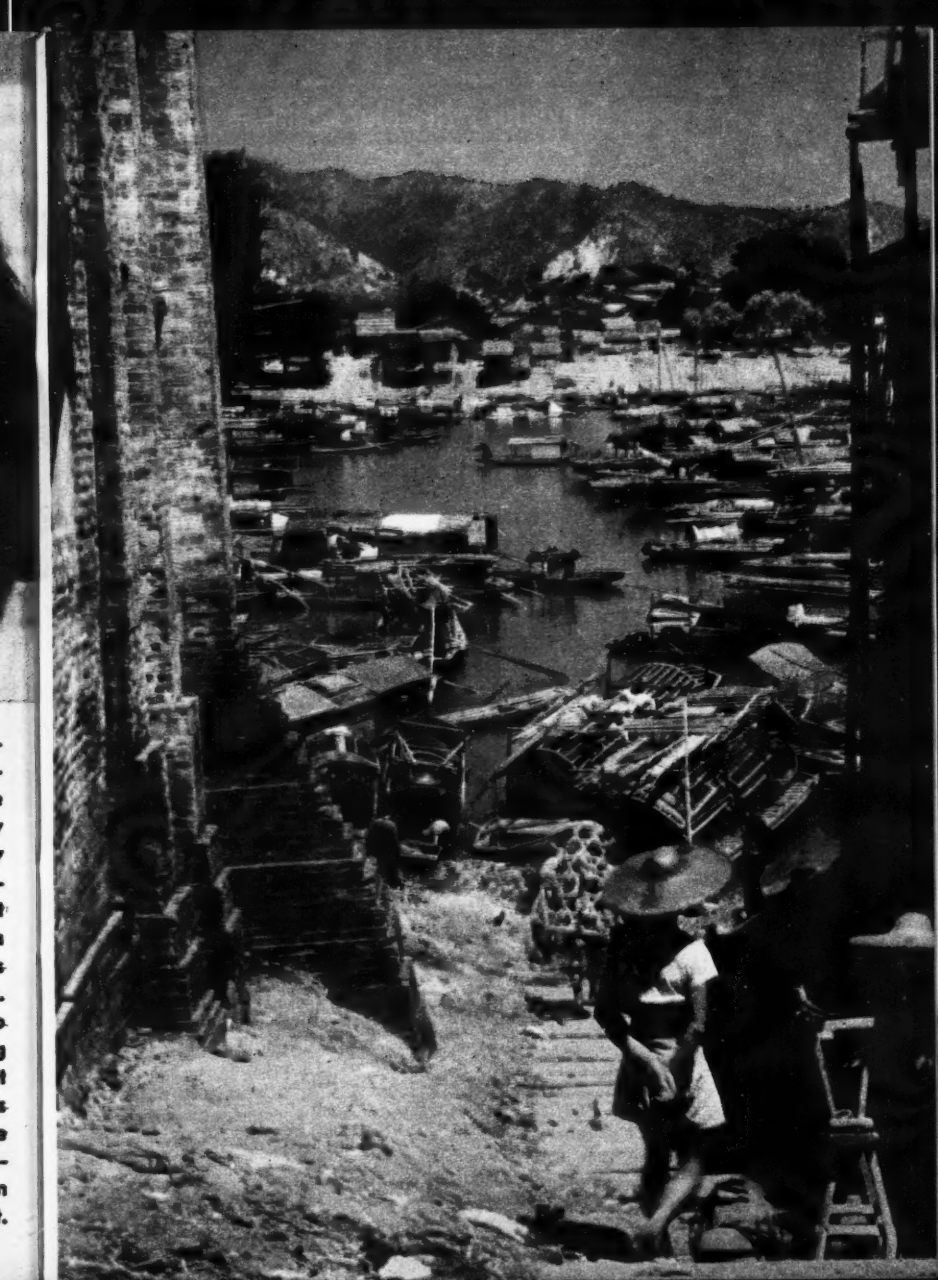


Hong Kong with its fine harbor and its century of British rule has long been a focal point of commercial and cultural life in the South China area. Many families of influence, who wished their daughters to be carefully educated to live useful lives, have placed them in the care of the Sisters at the Maryknoll School in Hong Kong. The picture above shows a typical combination of sea, sky, and land, visible from any part of the island.





Very few Chinese, particularly among the more successful, in Hong Kong, are natives of the colony. They belong to families from many parts of China. Most are non-Christian since there are but 50,000 Catholics and an equal number of Protestants in a population of 3,000,000. The few privileged girls who receive this special training under the Sisters are taught their obligations to China's humble millions, such as the dwellers in such busy crowded settlements as Aberdeen village, pictured to the right.



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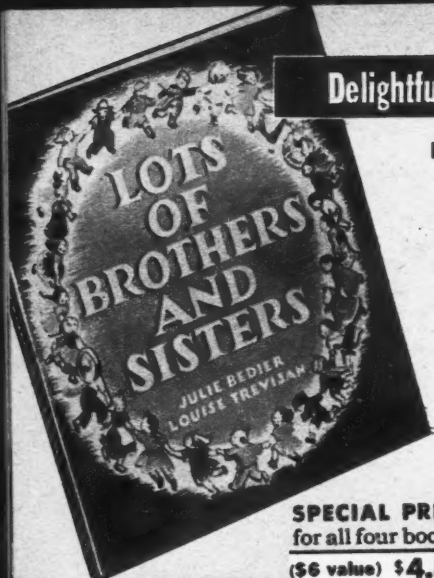
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Puno's Forgotten Ones

by Alexis Uttendorfer

"DON'T GO, please, Fathers! It's early yet. When are you coming back? Please come again soon!"

Such are the exclamations from all sides, as the Maryknoll Fathers prepare to pull themselves away from another visit to the little group of girls in the orphanage of Puno, Peru. It is always with a great deal of difficulty that the Fathers manage to leave those forty or fifty little bundles of humanity, half-starved for affection and kindness.

The orphanage is conducted by the good Sisters of Charity, who drive themselves tirelessly to provide a decent home for poor abandoned tots. We missionaries find real pleasure in visiting the children and seeing what kindness can do to make their lives fairly happy. They look forward to our visits, for they know that we bring them little extras that the good Sisters cannot always supply, such as packages of candy, holy pictures, and even occasionally magnificent (to them) gifts of dresses and other clothing provided by the charity of American Catholics. When such gifts arrive, the day is indeed a red-letter one for the orphans! There is much joy in our hearts, too, when we can make such gifts.

Though most of the orphans are Indians and therefore naturally inclined to the traditional seriousness and stoicism of their race, they no longer show any shyness or lack of gaiety when the Maryknollers visit

them. Whether the holy pictures or the packages of candy present the greater attraction is a question. Usually the problem is solved by the impartial distribution of both, either directly or as prizes in games, which are quickly organized and in which all the orphans, small and large, take part enthusiastically.

While Father Vincent McConaughy, who is the life of any gathering, plays the piano, the girls sing ancient Indian songs taught to them by the Sisters. They also perform the graceful, almost ritualistic dances that have come down to them as a heritage from the Incas of old. The latest Spanish songs and dances are not neglected, either; and it appears that the orphans enjoy performing as much as the Fathers enjoy watching.

The afternoon comes to a close with Benediction in their very neat little chapel. Then follows the missionaries' struggles to leave, and their little hostesses' earnest entreaties to come again soon.

Many a visitor leaves with the suggestion of a lump in the throat at the thought of what the orphans' lot is, compared with that of so many fortunate little girls in the States. That is one of the reasons why we are so grateful to American Catholics for their generosity in sending clothing and toys to the Puno mission. We know what joy those good Americans give to these forgotten ones so far away.

The Maryknoll Roundup

In a Hurry. "March opened with a bang," reports Father Anthony J. Karlovecius, a Maryknoll Missioner from Chicago, Ill., now stationed in Tanchuk, China.

"We were all seated about the fire, for the weather was a bit chilly, when the door of the gasoline stove blew open with a terrific roar, spraying hot embers and a liquid substance upon most of the missionaries in the room. Assured that no one was injured by the blast, Father Moffett approached the stove and removed a badly battered tin can, which at one time had contained vegetable soup. His face reddened as he apologized, saying that he had wanted to heat the soup in a hurry."



Father Karlovecius

Ancient Hobby. Father Joseph E. Bogaard is making quite a collection of fragments of ancient, sun-dried pottery, stone mortars, and stone hatchets, which he discovered on the eroded surface of low hills behind his mission in Lao-lung, China. Father Bogaard's



Father Bogaard

prize discovery is the fossilized bone of a mastodon. Archaeology is a hobby with this Maryknoller from Brooklyn, who takes good care of his parish, besides twenty outstations.

Shades of Barnum. "Thousands of people thronged Statue Square, in the middle of Hong Kong's business district, to see a Flying Car recently," reports Father Maurice F. Ahern, of Chicago. The Flying Car had been advertised as a new contraption that could run on city streets and then rise into the air. Chinese newspapers announced that it would start from the lobby of the Hong Kong-Shanghai Bank, run down to Statue Square, and then circle the harbor in the air. "Needless to add, the crowd finally grew tired of waiting for the magical contraption to make its appearance," commented Father.

To a Nicety. "The more time I spend in Chile, the more I learn to appreciate and love the customs of the people. In courtesy they are past masters. A few days ago, I met one of the minor officials on the street. He was going in the opposite direction, but he retraced his steps and insisted on accompanying me to the front door of the rectory. This man would be termed a 'super-gentleman' in any language, and the best thing about this case is that the man is not a rare type. He's the typical cultured *Chileno*." — From Father James F. McNiff, a Maryknoller from Peabody, Mass., now stationed in Molina, Chile.



Father McNiff

Our Lady of Fatima. Father Henry J. Madigan, a Maryknoller from Melrose, New York, is now finishing



Father Madigan

alterations on a building loaned him by the local people of Sekhang, China, to be used as a church and rectory. The promises and requests of Our Lady are inscribed on the pillars of the little church, which will accommodate 200 persons. Father thinks that this is the first church in China to be named in honor of Our Lady of Fatima. For lack of other material, the altar, tabernacle, and baldachin were made of cement. The mason became a Catholic while engaged in the work.

Suicide Causes Interest. Last March the Maryknoll priests in Karasaki, Japan, saw a young man, who was standing in the field opposite their house, swallow poison. The priests rushed him to the hospital, where doctors tried in vain to revive him. After the young man's burial, his mother, sister, brother, and grandmother visited the mission, wishing to learn more about the "Lord of Heaven religion," which had

prompted the priests to help their dear one. Since then, thirty-five Japanese in that village have reported for catechetical instruction. God's grace of conversion works in many strange ways. In another case, a priest pleaded unsuccessfully with a particular hospital patient, but another who overheard the conversation asked for baptism.

Shoestring Catch. "One of my baseball players made the most timely catch I've ever seen!" writes the Rev. Joseph V. Flynn, Maryknoll Missioner stationed in Guayaramerin, Bolivia. "And I'm sure Saint Anthony agrees with me." Father Flynn explained that



Father Flynn

some of the Indian lads at his mission are would-be baseball stars, who practice whenever they can. Their hours of practice were rewarded during a recent procession. A pole supporting the Saint Anthony float snapped unexpectedly, and the statue began to fall. "One of my barefoot Indians made a shoestring catch," said Father Flynn, "to save Saint Anthony and the procession."

MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

3-0

Dear Fathers:

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll (Check one). I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

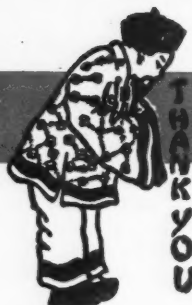
Priest ()
Brother ()

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Postal Zone _____

State _____ Age _____ School _____ Grade _____



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

3,000 Feet Above timber line is our Peru mission. It has special needs. Among them: \$15 each, for 50 church

pews; \$50 for Mass candles; \$5 a week for oil to run a generator that supplies light for three schools, a seminary, a chapel, and the priest's house. Can you help this lofty and needy mission?

Monsignor Romaniello, in China, has problems. He needs more mission buildings to handle his new Christians and his many charitable enterprises. Any gifts, to put up more walls and roofs for the works of Monsignor, will be welcome.

Why Don't They Work Better? It isn't heat alone that keeps some workers in the tropics from accomplishing much; they need to be taught the best methods. That is why funds are asked (\$5 to \$5,000) for Maryknoll industrial schools in China and Chile. Will you help poor boys and girls to learn how to work and live better?

For Only \$500, Father Wieland can build a school in his Chinese mission. He says he needs four schools to give Christian education to his numerous converts. Can you assist him?

Last-Aid Kit is what it may be, if the missionary doesn't have it when needed! The \$15 you give to buy a kit may mean the difference between life and death in an emergency. Several missionaries request first-aid kits.

More Than Words. Religious articles that new Christians can take home are very helpful in the missions. You can provide such by giving \$5 for rosaries, crucifixes, medals, for Father Meyer, in South China.

Mission Aids. The catechist who "increases" a missionary's strength and time by helping to train converts is a valuable aide. Father Tennien, in an area of many conversions, needs several catechists — at only \$15 per month, each.

Altar. In Chile, Father James Sheridan prays for an altar for his mission church. A suitable one can be bought for \$200.

Baptismal Font — spiritual gateway to the Church and the sacraments — is needed at Father Bradley's mission, in Chile. The cost is \$50; the value, priceless. Have a share in every baptism.

Jeeps. Missioners in China, Japan, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, and Africa beg for them. Ten jeeps are requested, but each delivered to the mission field costs \$1,875. Total, \$18,750! Are you interested?

"Christ Died for You." A crucifix speaks more vividly than words. In Guatemala, Father James Curtin needs \$25 to buy a crucifix for his mission chapel.

Basket Balls and Soccer Balls are greatly desired in our missions of Bolivia and Chile. The mission boys there love games but have not the money (\$5 per ball) to buy equipment.





Latin American Mission Needs

School, Monsignor Danehy, Bolivia	\$5,000
Chapel boat equipment, Bolivia	\$2,000
Hospital equipment, Father Fritz, Bolivia	\$ 500
Sanctuary lamp, Father Kircher, Bolivia	\$ 115
Horse, Chile, Bolivia, Guatemala and Mexico, each	\$ 100
Portable organ, Santa Cruz, Bolivia	\$ 90
Fuel to light church, Father McCloskey, Bolivia	\$ 60
Altar cards, Santa Cruz, Bolivia	\$ 34
Mass wine and hosts, Peru and Mexico, each	\$ 30
Altar linens, Chile, Peru, Guatemala and Mexico, each	\$ 30
Catechist salary, Bolivia, Chile and Guatemala, each	\$ 15
Rosaries for poor, Mexico and Peru, each	\$ 5
Chapel repair fund, all missions, any gift	\$

This China photo has the flavor of an old-world painting but tells of today



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